The Nation

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Summary of the News

With the nomination of Justice Charles E. Hughes on the third ballot by a vote of 949½, and that of Charles Warren Fairbanks, of Indiana, for the Vice-Presidency, the most remarkable Republican Convention of recent years was brought to a close on Saturday of last week. On being officially informed of his nomination, Mr. Hughes immediately sent to the President his resignation as Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, which was as promptly accepted. Released from the obligation of silence imposed by his judicial position, and rigidly adhered to by the Justice throughout the pre-Convention campaign, Mr. Hughes issued a vigorous message accepting the nomination. In it he indicated the principal lines on which the Republican campaign will undoubtedly be made, criticising the foreign and Mexican policy of the Administration, and emphasizing particularly the necessity of a non-partisan policy in making appointments to the civil and diplomatic services. Mr. Hughes also came out strongly for preparedness, "not only entirely adequate for our defence with respect to numbers and equipment in both army and navy, but with all thoroughness, to the end that in each branch of the service there may be the utmost efficiency under the most competent administrative heads."

The nomination of Mr. Hughes came after three days of dickering with the Progressive Convention. The course of the latter was not without elements of humor. Progressive delegates had gone to Chicago to nominate Theodore Roosevelt, and for no other purpose, and the edifying spectacle was presented of the Colonel's lieutenants trying desperately to prevent his enthusiastic adherents from rushing his nomination while there was still a chance of harmony through conferences of committees appointed by the two Conventions. With the second Republican ballot, in which Mr. Hughes received 328½ votes, prospects of agreement became obviously small. Col. Roosevelt at the eleventh hour suggested Senator Lodge as a compromise candidate, but by Saturday morning, with the "favorite sons" releasing delegation after delegation, the drift to Hughes became unmistakable. In hot haste the Progressives, determined to have their ticket, nominated Col. Roosevelt, with John M. Parker for Vice-President, beating the Republican decision for Mr. Hughes by some two minutes. Col. Roosevelt's reply to the news of his nomination was a "conditional refusal," which was to be placed in the hands of the Progressive National Committee pending a declaration of principles by the Republican candidate.

The Republican platform, endorsed by Mr. Hughes in his message of acceptance, contains nothing unexpected. The foreign policy of the Administration and its Mexican policy are bitterly assailed, the former as having "destroyed our influence abroad and humiliated us in our own eyes"; the latter as having employed "indefensible methods of interference . . . in the internal affairs of Mexico." Other principal planks in the platform are: Preparedness, "thorough and complete"; McKinley's policy in the Philippines; the traditional Republican conception of the tariff; supervision, but not persecution, of business; rural credits and the extension of rural free delivery; opposition to Government ownership of vessels; Federal control of transportation; the budget system in national finance; civil-service reform; legislation for the protection and betterment of labor, and the extension by State action of the suffrage to women.

The Democratic Convention, faced with a task as simple as that of the Republicans was complicated, opened at St. Louis yesterday.

The Mexican situation has caused some alarm in Washington during the past week on account of reports of growing ill-feeling towards Americans. Sixteen hundred additional troops were ordered to the border on Monday.

The Russian offensive along the line from the Pripet marshes to the Rumanian frontier, the start of which we recorded briefly last week, has developed into the most considerable movement of the war since the great German drive of a year ago, which flung the Russian armies back from Galicia and Western Poland to the line which they have since held. The fall of Lutsk was recorded in the Russian official communication of June 8, and in Sunday's announcement came the news of the occupation of Dubno, the remaining one of the Volhynian triangle of fortresses. The success on the northern part of the line along the Styr seems to have been paralleled by that obtained at the southern end on the Stripa. Statements on Sunday and Monday announced a victory at this point, which has the effect of seriously threatening Czernowitz, and may lead to a general retirement of the entire Teutonic line. The magnitude of the operations is seen in the fact that during the first week of the offensive more than 100,000 prisoners (including Germans as well as Austrians), 124 guns, 180 machine-guns, and 58 bomb-throwers were officially reported captured.

On other fronts the principal activity has been at Verdun and Ypres. The capture of Fort de Vaux, after exceptionally heavy bombardment and assaults, was announced in Berlin on June 7, and was admitted in the French communication of the following day. At Ypres operations have been confined to heavy bombardment by artillery since the action of June 2, when some 500 yards of trenches, part of which was subsequently recovered, were gained by the Germans.

The Austrian offensive on the Italian front, as we recorded last week, appears to have been checked, but it has been productive of more than military consequences, having brought to a head a feeling of discontent with the Government, which has been for some time smouldering. In the debate in the Chamber on Friday of last week on the budget of the Minister of the Interior, Signor Salandra's Ministry asked for a vote of confidence, which was refused by 190 votes to 120. The Cabinet, therefore, resigned on Sunday. Dispatches from Rome indicate that the political crisis is not likely to be grave or prolonged, public opinion favoring the creation of a coalition Ministry, which shall include Baron Sonnino, the Foreign Minister, the present Military Ministers, and leading statesmen of all parties, except the faction of the Socialists, which opposes war on principle.

An official communication of the British Press Bureau, issued on June 10, stated that the cruiser Hampshire, on which Lord Kitchener and his staff were lost, was sunk by striking a mine. News came on June 8 of the safety of twelve survivors who had clung to a raft.

Assertions and counter-assertions in regard to the outcome of the naval battle in the North Sea continue to be made. Only the future action of the German fleet—its emergence in the near future, from the security of its home ports, to deliver a finishing blow to the British fleet, whose "tyrannical supremacy," in the Kaiser's words, has already been "shattered"—will decide the question. Meanwhile, the German Admiralty has admitted that, "for military reasons," it concealed the loss of the battle cruiser Lützow and the light cruiser Rostock. It is interesting, also, to note that on June 9 a British vessel, the Dunrobin, which had been lying in the Swedish port of Lulea since the beginning of the war, was able to make her escape from the Baltic.

The question of the position of Greece in relation to Bulgaria and the Teutonic Powers has been raised in an acute form by the presentation by the Allies of certain demands, supported by a virtual blockade of Greek ports. The precise extent of the demands made, which have to do with the enforcement of treaties safeguarding Greek unity and the Constitution, has not been revealed, but King Constantine has already complied with them to the extent of demobilizing twelve classes of the Greek army, the order for which he signed on June 8. From dispatches from Athens, it would appear that public opinion in Greece inclines to favor the demands of the Allies, as promoting the policy of Venizelos.

Secretary Lansing last week cabled Ambassador Gerard at Berlin requesting an explanation of two interviews, published in German papers and attributed to him, in regard to President Wilson's possible mediation in the war. Ambassador Gerard, in reply, according to dispatches from Washington of June 10, admitted the authenticity of an interview published in a Munich paper some two weeks ago, but denounced as spurious a statement attributed to him in the *National Zeitung* on June 3, and subsequently quoted in the Reichstag by the Conservative leader, Count von Westarp.

The Irish Nationalist party gave out an official report on Sunday detailing the proposals made by Mr. Lloyd George for the settlement of the Irish question. The proposals advocate the immediate operation of the Home Rule bill for the period of the war, six Ulster counties being excluded, and at the close of the war the reference of the question to an Imperial conference summoned to consider the future Government of the Empire.

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The Week

Mr. Hughes certainly began his campaign with promptitude and energy. The telegram which he sent so quickly to Chairman Harding was probably not wholly an improvisation. In its careful phrasing and condensed vigor—it was really forty columns of Roosevelt boiled down into less than one—it betrays a good deal of thought in advance. The advocate of preparedness was not caught unprepared. And the impression which his swift decision and trenchant utterance made upon the country is undeniably good. There is no gainsaying the fact that Hughes has begun well, and that the conviction is deepening that the Republicans at Chicago nominated the best man they had. This was their way of paying an indirect tribute to the political strength of President Wilson. The latter's nomination at St. Louis this week will insure a Presidential campaign conducted on both sides, so far as the leaders are concerned, in a high-toned spirit and with intellectual rather than claptrap appeals, such as the United States has seldom seen.

The Republican nomination of Fairbanks for the Vice-Presidency gives double assurance that the Democrats will renominate Thomas R. Marshall, and in the prominence it accords Indiana in the election carries us back to the contests of long ago. Patriotic Hoosiers will already be recalling the days when Indiana and New York, with the closely matched strength of the parties there, and their heavy total of electoral votes, were regarded as "pivotal" States. There is no doubt that all of Marshall's influence will be needed to offset that of Fairbanks. A vote in Indiana will have almost unprecedented values this year, for the State stands alone in having two Senators to elect, and they will be chosen by popular vote of the men who choose between the Vice-Presidential nominees. The seriousness with which the contest will be regarued promises a heated campaign on both sides. If the Republicans have a strong Senatorial candidate in New, they have a weak one in Watson; if the Democrats have a strong one in Kern, they have a weak one in Taggart. With so many old war horses brought forth on each side, we may look for a stirring canvass.

At a time when condolences and congratulations are flying so thick, Senator Lodge ought not to be overlooked. After nominating Weeks on Friday, he deserted him on the second ballot and voted for Roosevelt. This splendid exhibition of loyalty to the Massachusetts candidate was presently followed by what is probably the most fatuous move ever attempted in American politics. We mean the four-o'clock-in-the-morning message from Col. Roosevelt saying that his anxious thought for months about the best compromise candidate at Chicago led him to urge with tearful solemnity the name of Henry Cabot Lodge. But at this the Progressives hooted and the Republicans merely laughed. So this is what comes to a man who early sacrificed his independence at the dictation of party; who has slaved for it year in and year out; who this year carried water on both shoulders, waiting until the all-powerful Roosevelt should indicate him as the man destined for the highest Republican honor—only to be contemptuously rejected at the end. Verily, Senator Lodge has had his reward!

If at any previous National Convention it had occurred that the three leading candidates for the nomination were all from the same State, the reason would have been that the carrying of that State at the November election was deemed indispensable to party success. But it is not the consideration of New York's thirty-nine electoral votes that made Hughes, Roosevelt, and Root the outstanding figures among Republican probabilities. Neither can it be called accident, since the qualifications of every man of the three were based primarily on personal traits. They were the three most eligible men because they were the three strongest men—Root by a preponderance of intellect, Roosevelt by what his followers would call a preponderance of character or temperament, Hughes by a happy blend of both qualities. Putting aside the highly abstract question whether New York is thereby shown to be a fruitful nursery for talent, the choice of a citizen of New York by the Republican Convention to conduct a campaign with Americanism and foreign policy as the principal issues has a distinct appropriateness. New York, with its great foreign population, theoretically at least, faces the problem of the melting-pot and "straight America" in its acutest form. And New York's predominant commercial interests make it again the State most sensitive to the implications of our foreign policy.

One way to visualize the magnitude of the Russian victory up to date and its implications for the immediate future is to compare Gen. Brussiloff's progress with the initial momentum of the Austro-German armies in May of last year in Galicia and the Carpathians. The Russian line on the Dunajec was shattered in a two days' bombardment beginning May 1. On the 4th the first announcement of gains was made from Vienna when 21,500 Russian prisoners were said to have been taken. Just a week later the captures had risen to 100,000 prisoners, 60 guns, and 200 machine guns, and the Russian army had been driven back nearly fifty miles from the lines of the Dunajec to the line of the San. The present Russian attack began on June 4. Within two days Petrograd announced 25,000 prisoners. Within the first week the number of prisoners had risen to 108,000, the number of heavy guns captured to 124, or more than twice the number taken by the Austro-Germans in about the same time, and the number of machine guns to 180, or 20 less than the number asserted by the latter. Measured by captures, the Russian blow has been heavier than the one suffered more than a year ago. Only in distance covered is the Russian advance inferior to the Teutonic advance. When one recalls that the Teutonic victory of last year was the beginning of a *débâcle* which for months threatened the end of Russian resistance, it is easy to see what possibilities are now inherent in the progress of the Russian steam-roller.

By Berlin's own admission of the loss o the battle-cruiser Lützow and the light cruiser Rostock in the battle of May 31, the legen of a German "victory" has been totally de stroyed. Berlin's admitted loss in heav tonnage is now about 58,000, as against Grea Britain's admitted loss of 105,000 tons. Thi makes the German loss 55 per cent. of th British. The total strength of the Germa fleet in battleships, battle-cruisers, and crui ers of all kinds on May 30 was a little ove a million tons, as against Great Britain' 1,825,000 tons, or 53 per cent. of the Britis strength. In the battle of Jutland, therefor the Germans, by their own confession, i curred a slightly heavier proportional los than the British. But the prime significanc of the latest statement from Berlin is, o course, in the doubt it throws on all Ge man claims, with the indirect confirmation c further British assertions regarding the lo of German first-class battleships. There wi be much less skepticism now with regard t the British assertion that the Hindenbur

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was among the ships that went down. The first official announcement from Berlin, on June 1, conceded the loss only of the Pommern, the Wiesbaden, and the Frauenlob. Two days later the loss of the Elbing was announced. On June 4 the Admiralty issued the curt statement that "no German naval units were lost except those mentioned in the official dispatches." Now has come the news of the Lützow and the Rostock.

Extraordinary, indeed, is the German Admiralty's explanation that "for military reasons we refrained from making public" the loss of the Lützow and the Rostock. It is a confession of suppression of the truth such as no War Office hitherto has pleaded guilty to. But more than that, it is an explanation that incurs odium without even explaining. What were the military reasons in question? Were they not rather political reasons, the necessity of letting loose an outburst of German patriotism which subsequent confessions would not altogether destroy? Only one possible explanation occurs which puts the German Admiralty in a better light. It may be that the Lützow and the Rostock, and perhaps other ships, were not sunk on the day of battle, that efforts were made to tow them back into port, and that it was not expedient to inform the British destroyers and light cruisers of the plight of the crippled ships staggering back to port. The effort to save the ships failed, and the Admiralty can make out a technical defence of its earlier statements. But, putting it in that best light, what shall be conjectured regarding the condition of the other ships which the British say were sunk? Even if they have been hauled into port, of what immediate value are they? Mr. Balfour's assertion that it will take months for the German fleet to catch its breath again is amply justified.

Any one of several events in one of the most dramatic weeks of the war would justify the presence in London of Gen. Joffre and Premier Briand with several members of his Cabinet. The situation around Verdun would call for discussion. The Austrian defeats in the east, taking on with every passing day the dimensions of a catastrophe, might conceivably bring a drastic change in the set plans of the Allied military campaign. The death of Earl Kitchener would open questions of British war administration and possibly of command in the field. Even if it be taken that Kitchener is not irreplaceable in the War Office, it is plain that a certain amount of disarrangement is inevitable in a change of administration, especially when it is a question of replacing the man who has been in charge from the beginning of the war, and a man of slow speech who probably carried a great deal more information in his head than he was accustomed to utter. In this respect it is fortunate for England that only a few days before his death Earl Kitchener should have spoken freely of the military situation to several hundred members of the House of Commons in secret session. His policies, his opinions, and his facts are thus available for his successor.

The latest bulletin on immigration from the Department of Labor furnishes no new clue to conditions after the restoration of peace in Europe. From the statistics set forth in this document it appears that there was a small increase of immigration during the months of March and April of this year. But the total to June 30 will be almost the same as for the similar period of 1915. So that, since the war's beginning, the movement of incoming aliens has not shown any great fluctuation. Also its character has remained much the same. Before the war southern and eastern Europe furnished the bulk of our immigration. As soon as the conflict broke out, and the British blockade became effective, these regions, with the exception of Italy, were cut off from the sea. The Scotch, English, French, and Scandinavians, however, together with some Italians, though all in greatly reduced numbers, still continued to come over. At the present time, though absolutely not very numerous, in the much decreased total these nationalities bulk very large. This continuous trickle of immigration from the Allied countries is therefore no reflection on Entente patriotism, but merely another graphic illustration of England's complete command of the sea. Nor is it, on the other hand, to be taken as any indication of what will happen after the war, when, in all likelihood, northern Europe's share of the annually migrating hundreds of thousands will again sink into relative insignificance.

The discovery that the Senate had violated the Constitution by adjourning for more than three days without the consent of the House occasioned a discussion in the latter that ran back to the historic period of Reed's Speakership. When the House passed the Dingley Tariff bill in the summer of 1897, Reed made up his mind that the eyes of the country should be centred upon the Senate until it had disposed of the bill. Accordingly, he appointed no committees and, holding that Sunday was a *dies non*, managed to make two adjournments cover an entire week. His ruling was attacked by the Democratic constitutionalists, one of whom was the eminent Jerry Simpson of Kansas. Reed ruled that he was out of order, and a member moved that he be allowed to proceed in order. The roll-call on the motion went against him, and, rashly acting upon the advice of another member, he rose and said to the Speaker: "Mr. Speaker, you have decided that I cannot speak out of order. The House has just decided that I cannot proceed in order. I want to know where I am at." Reed retorted: "That is one of the things that no mortal man has ever been able to find out." The reply describes the position of the House upon the Senate's action in adjourning for more than three days, for, while one Representative suggested that they had no official knowledge of the Senate's adjournment, yet thought they ought to express regret that the greatest legislative body in the world had violated the Constitution of the United States, and another Representative thought that the action of the Senate was of no effect and that it was constructively in session, the debate ended abruptly when still another Representative asked unanimous consent for consideration of a report upon the California and Oregon Railroad land grants.

Two hundred thousand men between the ages of nineteen and thirty who have received military training in schools under Federal or State authority—that is the estimate of Henry S. Pritchett, of the Carnegie Foundation. Dr. Pritchett admits that this military training is not a very serious preparation for the business of soldiering. But we may assume that a course of training in academy or college extending over several years is easily equivalent to a month's session at Plattsburgh. Yet Plattsburgh today is our only desperate remedy against sending forth our helpless, untrained youth to be butchered by the expert soldiery of an alien conqueror. Two hundred thousand young men who have been drilled with rifles in the schools; the hundrels of thousands of men who have passed into civil life out of the regular army; former and present members of the National Guard; the members of the rifle clubs; and the great number of men who have sufficient knowledge of firearms to spend their vacations in the

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woods—here is a census, not of first-line troops, to be sure, but of a condition that is certainly nearer to President Wilson's much-derided "trained citizenry" than to the helpless mobs who are daily being sent out to slaughter by Mr. Menken and the moving-picture directors.

A paragraph was added to the history of controversies between inventors when the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia decided that the hydroplane was first practically conceived not by Glenn H. Curtiss, but by Albert S. Janin, "a poor Staten Island cabinet-maker." The decision may not be final; but as it was a question of facts rather than of technical theory, it probably will be. Mr. Curtiss remains with inventions enough to his credit. He was an inventor of motorcycles before he entered the aeronautical field, and the biplane with which he began winning trophies in 1908 soon established itself as a standard type. But the great usefulness of the hydroplane in war and peace makes its origin of particular interest, and it will be a picturesque fact if an obscure individual takes his place with Langley, the Wrights, Chanute, and other Americans in the field of airship invention. The dispute is a reminder of how rapidly ideas in aeronautics were brought forth in the decade between 1900 and 1910, and how frequently inventors working independently arrived at the same goal at about the same time.

Some nervous manufacturers, especially those venturing into new chemical fields, will be reassured to learn from Joseph Davies, chairman of the Federal Trade Commission, that a bill has been drafted which "undoubtedly will be presented to Congress, and probably enacted, to prevent unfair competition from abroad in the same degree that we prevent unfair competition in this country." It appears that the recent hearings granted the dyestuffs manufacturers by the Commission are responsible for this determination. There will be much curiosity to learn the provisions of the "anti-dumping" measure, for the subject presents many difficulties. Unless we institute a systematic inquiry into prices abroad, it will not be easy to determine just when foreign prices here pass the line of *unfair competition; and the law must have* tact if it is to avoid provoking retaliation against American manufacturers who sell on a large scale overseas. But in spite of the exaggerated fears expressed in most talk about "dumping," the determination, if carefully acted upon, is to be welcomed, for it is evident that such a measure will not merely guarantee against possible attack some of the nascent industries brought into being by the war, but will help attract timid capital into new fields.

An event of importance in the Philippines is the retirement of Frank L. Crone, director of the Insular Bureau of Education, and creator of many of the best features of the educational system with which he has been connected since 1901; especially as his going leaves the way open for the eventual turning-over to the Filipino people of this important branch of the Government. It is stated that W. W. Marquardt, an American, will probably be his successor, but that Mr. Marquardt in turn will be succeeded as first assistant director by a Filipino, who will then be logically in line for promotion to the directorship. Under Mr. Crone especially rapid progress has been made in bringing native teachers and superintendents into the schools. Primary instruction is now entirely in the hands of the Filipinos; in intermediate instruction there are 841 Filipinos to 105 Americans; and half the 240 supervising teachers are islanders. In these facts there is the best answer to those who openly or by innuendo picture the Filipinos as still semi-civilized. It will be long before the American element in their educational system can be spared, but the University at Manila, the normal schools, and the foundations for sending Filipinos to this country to college are fast overcoming deficiencies.

Steadiness in the nation-wide movement for the reduction in number of medical schools and the raising of their standards is shown by the news of the merger in Philadelphia of three of the most important institutions there—the University of Pennsylvania Medical School, the Medico-Chirurgical College, and Jefferson College. One of the three is to be set apart, under University management, as a post-graduate and research institution, which the city has hitherto lacked. Six medical schools, the number in Philadelphia before the merger, were too many for its population, and the division of energy and resources and the competition for students have been a serious handicap to medical education there. Philadelphians are now talking of a consolidation of hospitals also. In remembering how many wofully inadequate medical schools we had a decade ago, it is reassuring to recall that since 1907 such colleges have decreased from 162 to about 90.

One method of doing honor to Shakespeare which has received little public attention, but which, we imagine, is quietly being applied by a great many people, consists in the simple and obvious device of pulling down his plays from the shelf and reading them through. The citizen who makes up his mind not to let 1916 pass without renewing his acquaintance with a dozen of the plays will do as much for the memory of the poet as attendance at an equal number of out-of-door performances and pageants can accomplish, and will certainly do more for the reader himself. To the extent that the vogue of the Shakespeare pageant will encourage the reading of Shakespeare, the gain will be a permanent one. If, on the other hand, absorption in the delightful details of stage-craft and costuming exhausts the interest in the plays themselves, there will be a loss. When all is said and done, Shakespeare is a reality to the vast majority of us only through the printed page, and the measure of his fame through the ages is to be gauged by the booksellers' returns. While the professors and the professionals have been racking their brains over the possibility of restoring the simplicities of the Elizabethan stage, millions of plain people have been taking their Shakespeare with no other scenery than a reading-chair and a lamp.

The death of Yuan Shi-Kai only a year ago would have been received as a more portentous event for the future of China than we can see it now. Then it would have been said that the only "strong" man capable of giving order and unity to the Empire had disappeared, and that China would henceforth be a prey to the ambitions of the Powers, and particularly of Japan. What China's future is to be, no one will definitely predict, but it has been made plain that Yuan was not the man to determine his country's destiny. He lacked the insight to recognize the strength of the national drift towards representative government. He miscalculated the republican influence in southern China, a movement which may be unpractical in the long run, but which must be tested before it is defeated. Had Yuan been content to remain President of the Chinese Republic instead of aspiring towards the Emperorship, he might have attained his ambition. A Presidential term of ten years would be long enough for an asute politician to lay the foundations of perpetual power;

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provided, that is, such a thing were possible at all. As it is, he forced the pace and failed signally. Outside of China his ambitions were regarded in many quarters as legitimate, on the same assumption that regards a "strong" man as the only possible ruler for Mexico. But in China, Emperor or President would not rule over a united and centralized nation. The ancient traditions of provincial autonomy would die hard. So that Yuan Shi-Kai reached out for the mere appearance of dictatorship, and with disastrous effects. His death only anticipated his certain disappearance from power.

THE NOMINATION OF HUGHES.

Youthful observers of the pageant of American politics might well he plucked by the sleeve, to-day, by their elders, and bidden to mark closely the display of strength by Judge Hughes in the Republican Convention, followed by his almost unanimous nomination for the Presidency. For it is unlikely that in all their lives they will witness a political event so remarkable. In the history of our parties there has been nothing like it; and in time to come it is improbable that it will be exactly matched. This is said fully mindful of the part which accident had in the putting forward of Hughes. It was due to conditions which he did not create. His availability lay partly in the extraordinary plight in which his party found itself this year. That called for a candidate who could play a rôle such as no other could assume so well as Hughes. All this is admitted; but it does not really diminish the wonder of the forging to the front of a man who was not a candidate, who uttered no word and took no step to promote his political fortunes, and who stuck quietly to his work until the Convention knocked at his door. A result so surprising and unparalleled must have had causes deeper than the chance movement of parties. There must have been an attractive power in the man to whom his party was thus drawn by a kind of moral gravitation.

Of an English statesman it was said, after his death, that in many a national crisis he had been "one of the great reserve forces" of his country. The phrase aptly describes the feeling of Americans about Hughes. He had been out of political life for six years. In the bitter party strife of that time he had not been involved. He stood and worked apart. Yet all the time his countrymen thought of him as one whom they might one day call upon to serve them again in political office. They looked to him with confidence as to a mighty force in reserve. His strength and steadfastness as Governor were not forgotten. The deep impress of his quality had not been worn away by the trampling feet of the crowd that came and went while he was aloof from it, as becometh a judge. So that when the hour came for his party to cast about for a leader fitted for service in a great emergency, it was inevitable that eager eyes should be turned to Mr. Hughes. The instinctive appeal was like that of old: "Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?"

Nor can there be doubt that the bearing of Judge Hughes, during all these months when he was talked of for the Presidency, has commended him to the judgment of his countrymen. They like a man who shows that he is the captain of his own soul. And even a fickle democracy knows how to admire one who maps out a course for himself which he believes right, and then cleaves to it with an inflexibility which nothing can shake. There was more in this than the exhibition by Mr. Hughes of judicial propriety. In it his fellow-citizens saw the tenacious anchoring of his will. So that their verdict on him was:

> Firm is the man, and set beyond the cast
> Of Fortune's game.

And people saw wisdom as well as strength and poise in the attitude of Hughes during all the pre-Convention clamors; and would complete the quotation:

> Whose falcon soul sits fast
> And not intends her high sagacious tour
> Or ere the quarry sighted.

One distinction must be fixed in mind. It was not Hughes the Judge who was voted for at Chicago, but Hughes the public man—Hughes as an asset of his party and of the whole country. No man can point to a single decision, a single gesture, of his on the bench, and say that it was animated by political ambition. Nor in fact was any word that he has spoken, or any opinion that he has rendered, as a member of the Supreme Court, advanced by anybody as a reason why he should be nominated for the Presidency. In this lies the complete answer to those who affirm that it is degrading to the courts to make of them a stepping-stone to political office. It has not been so in the case of Hughes. So far as the effect on his candidacy is concerned, it is as if his six years on the bench had never been. The sponge is drawn over them. No argument can ever be drawn from his career that the way to political preferment lies through the courts. The opponents of Hughes have urged the point of judicial propriety; doubtless some Democrats will be foolish enough to urge it during the campaign. But it cannot influence the votes of a dozen intelligent men. The reason is that the point has no validity.

It is not a bad sign for democracy when it shows confidence in a man of solid rather than showy qualities. As many times before, the instinctive judgments of the people are seen to be sounder than those of some would-be leaders of opinion. With Hughes as the Republican nominee, the country will look forward to a Presidential campaign almost unexampled for the high intellectual tone which the two candidates will give to it, and for a sober but stimulating discussion of great political issues.

PLATFORMS AND COMMON-SENSE.

The Republican platform at Chicago was predestined to be limed to catch Progressive birds. That had been all along frankly avowed. The idea was to let Roosevelt write the platform, and then explain to him, apologetically but firmly, that he could not be nominated to stand on it. This naturally added to the handicaps under which platform-framers always suffer. This year they had to be less sincere than usual; to use more words for the purpose of concealing thought; and to be more confessedly opportunist than they ordinarily are. The result could hardly be expected to be a genuine expression of deliberate party purpose. Everything had to be sacrificed to the immediate needs, or supposed needs, of the hour.

This, however, may not make any great difference in the campaign. It has the present effect of leaving the Republican party in the somewhat mortifying position of having to extemporize its life-long convictions, but our recent political history shows that platforms have a way of getting lost or ignored in the course of the actual Presidential contest. They have been plainly of less and less account. National Conventions have the air of adopting them, and then, with the feeling of a disagreeable duty done, turning to the real work of the campaign. Various planks are, indeed, made much use of in stump speeches, and to score smart "debating points"; but the rule is that they drop more and more out of sight as the electoral battle intensifies. Leaders often make their own platforms as they go on. New issues arise unforeseen by the official platform. The people are more absorbed in the sayings and

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doings of the candidates than in anything said or done at the Convention; and not seldom coolly disregard what has been asserted to be a vital plank.

Of this last the best current example is the entire neglect into which the single-term plank of the Baltimore Convention of 1912 has fallen. Described as a portentous thing which made a second nomination of President Wilson impossible, it has now passed completely out of the public mind. One or two newspapers have, it is true, endeavored to flog the dead horse into life, but it will not budge. It is probable that hard-pressed Republican orators will try to prove that Mr. Wilson is violating the "principle" to which he subscribed, but there will be no popular interest in the matter. The President will be renominated exactly as if the famous but innocuous plank had never existed. In fact, it turned to dust almost as soon as it was put in the platform.

The truth is that the common-sense of the voters has a short and easy way of dealing with platform claptrap of all kinds. It pays attention to it only to forget it as soon as possible. And there are many other sorts of *minima* which party managers and speakers and writers think that they can score heavily by making use of, yet which are only as the dust in the balance, judged by popular effect. There is, for example, the solemn assertion made by Mr. Colby in Chicago that a member of the Supreme Court ought never to be named for the Presidency. An effort was even made to get the Progressives to adopt this doctrine in their platform. Having four years ago proposed to drag off the bench judges whom they did not like, they were now to clothe the judiciary in such awful sanctity that profane politics should never come near them. But this, apparently, was a proposal too ridiculous for the saner heads among the Progressives to put up with. At any rate, it will be wholly in vain to seek to injure Mr. Hughes with this weapon. The people as a whole will pay no attention to it. This was rather strikingly indicated in the article on political conditions in the Middle West contributed to the *Outlook* by ex-Senator Davenport. He found citizens there wholly indifferent to the argument that a judge should never be a Presidential candidate. Another appeal of the sort would have fallen flat in case Roosevelt had been nominated. We mean the third-term tradition. Roosevelt would have been opposed on quite other grounds than the mere fact that he had twice been President.

In its main outlines the Republican platform is precisely what it was known in advance that it would be. It swallows all of the Progressive doctrines that it can without gagging. It arraigns Wilson. It comes out gloriously for Americanism. It sets up a Republican monopoly of preparedness and patriotism, which will be a good enough Morgan until after the Democrats have written *their* platform at St. Louis. With specific Republican planks it will doubtless be necessary to deal. But it is well to bear in mind that the platform of neither party is going to count this year so much as the personality of the candidate, and the course of the long political debate upon which the country is entering. For all that, the platform is merely a point of departure.

WHERE THE PROGRESSIVES ARE LEFT.

A veritable tragi-comedy was the play staged by the Progressives at Chicago. The spectators hardly knew whether to weep or laugh. One can hardly resist a feeling of melancholy at the plight of the sincere and impassioned Progressive delegates who went to Chicago fired with holy zeal, and who little by little discovered that they were being toyed with, deceived, cheated, and at last left in a helpless and humiliating position. The final scenes, after they had learned that their idolized leader had deserted them in the great emergency, were really pathetic. They were dazed, stunned, despairing, indignant. As for the Progressive managers who had matched their wits against politicians far too clever for them, they came to the wind-up not only empty-handed but rebuked and repudiated by hundreds of their duped and angry followers. It was all a pitiful contrast with the religious glow and hope of 1912. For the fervent "Onward, Christian Soldiers" of that year was substituted on Saturday "Hark, from the Tombs."

It must now be clear to all that the Progressive *débâcle* at Chicago was inevitable. The life had gone out of the party. Its organization was preserved only to be used for the most selfish and sordid purposes. As we look back now upon the whole manœuvring of the Progressives for the past seven or eight months—especially to the decision to meet at Chicago exactly on the same day with the Republicans—it is plain that a species of gigantic political blackmail was attempted. By means of bluff and threat the effort was made to intimidate the Republican Convention into doing what seven-ninths of its delegates were firmly resolved not to do. It was a fool's paradise in which Roosevelt and Perkins were disporting themselves all along, and not till Saturday morning did they wake up to the truth that their deep-laid plans never had a chance of success at Chicago.

It is plain now that there were two elements in the Progressive party which really never had fused, and which were certain to lead to the explosion that occurred on Saturday. There were the Progressives of fanatic strain, the earnest, genuine men and women who believed that Roosevelt would lead them to a new heaven and a new earth. But in addition to them there were the ex-bosses and the scheming politicians and the disgruntled capitalists who hoped to utilize the name of Progressives for their own purposes. The thing was never put more bluntly than by one who himself has been a sincere Progressive, William Allen White, of Kansas, in his dispatch to the New York *World*. "Mr. Perkins," he declared, "had paid his good money for the party [the Progressive], and in him rested the title of the party. *It was natural that Col. Roosevelt should recognize that title.*" Be very sure it was—the eminently "practical" Colonel! But when the title proved worthless, and the whole Progressive edifice tumbled down in a heap, the outburst of recriminating rage which was witnessed in the Progressive Convention, and in the bitter language held by members of it afterwards, showed how futile had been all along the scheme to unite irreconcilables in a single party. Can a fountain send forth both sweet water and bitter? Could Gifford Pinchot really lie long in the same bed with Flinn and Perkins?

One of the wailing reproaches heard in the Progressive Convention on Saturday was that the party had supposed itself founded to be "permanent." Col. Parker asserted that he and many others had burned their bridges behind them in 1912. They resented the idea that the party existed simply for trading purposes. But they have many things to learn. The history of third parties in the United States shows that their life is short and full of troubles. And in the Progressive party, in particular, the seeds of death were planted from the first, because it began as a personal party, pure and simple. It was made the appanage of an attractive and versatile politician, who was certain to seek to use it as a means to glut his revenge and an instrument of his ambition. And when it broke in his hands, as it did last week, there was never

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any doubt that he would drop it in disgust. "We followed Teddy in 1912, and he cannot desert us now," was the Progressive cry at Chicago. But his telegram of refusal put an end to that illusion. And events had previously put an end to the Progressive party, as anything more than a name. Even William Allen White predicts its speedy break-up and disappearance. As an influence it may abide, but as an organization its day is done.

KITCHENER AND ENGLAND'S EFFORT.

Of all the European Ministers of War and Marine who were in office during the first month of hostilities, Earl Kitchener alone retained office to the end. We know that his reputation during two years has suffered, but it has not been destroyed like that of all the commanders-in-chief who began the war. with the exception of Joffre, and like all war administrators, with the exception of von Falkenhayn. That he should have maintained himself through two years of postponed hopes and disappointments is all the more striking because upon him more than upon any other one leader the hopes of a nation centred. The Moltkes and Grand Dukes and even the Joffres were the agents of a great military system. Kitchener had to create a military system, as well as to direct it. During the first year of the war Kitchener was more than the Government in the popular imagination. He was the personification of the traditional English qualities on which were based hopes of victory. The new armies were less the King's men than Kitchener's men. With such high expectations, the chances of his failure were all the greater. Critics both in England and abroad have declared that Kitchener did fail. The impression has become rather general that he was not of sufficient mental size for his job. The quality of doggedness which destroyed the Mahdi and defeated the Boers was not coupled with the necessary gift of imagination for a task of such vast magnitude.

Yet it is well to remember that this slow-thinking Englishman was perhaps the only man in Europe who recognized from the first the meaning of the war when he declared that the struggle might last three years or more. He erred in not recognizing that the burdens of such a struggle were more than one man could carry. Overwork, added to a characteristic British and soldierly inarticulateness, was responsible for the fact that his colleagues in the Cabinet were not fully informed of the needs of the military situation. As the lessons of the war were learned it became necessary to relieve him of part of his crushing duties. The business of munitions was handed over to Lloyd George. The business of recruiting was taken over by Lord Derby until the problem became of such importance as to demand the attention of the entire Government. A Chief of Staff was created. In Kitchener's hands remained the drilling of the new armies. In the management of the land campaign he did not assert his sole authority. Adventures like the expedition to Antwerp in the first months of the war and the Gallipoli enterprise emanated probably from the swifter and more untrustworthy brains of civilians. It was the building up of a great army that Kitchener made his real concern. And this followed from his original conception of the war as a prolonged test in which victory should be won by the last man and the last dollar. The history of the war has amply justified him on that point.

This policy of slow and sure brought criticism from those facile journalistic quarters which always have the secret of winning a war swiftly. We know how Joffre has been exposed to the same criticism in France in spite of the fact that in the victory of the Marne he has to his credit the most splendid single achievement of the war. If in Germany there has been little apparent criticism of the policy of slow and sure, it is because Germany had begun with just the opposite policy and had failed signally. Northcliffe's cabal against Kitchener was mixed up with personal issues between Kitchener and Sir John French. If Kitchener withstood all machinations, if in all the crises weathered by the Asquith Ministry it was accepted that Kitchener would remain at the head of the War Office, the reason is found in popular recognition of that quality of quiet, dogged adherence to a preconceived plan which asserted itself above the vagaries of the moment. The numerous easy ways of winning the war, by immediate conscription, by fantastic campaigns in the air, by dictatorships, by making over England on the German model in a day, faded out before the common-sense recognition of the fact that in the tremendous testing of the nations each nation could only hope for victory through the full display of its own native qualities. And in Kitchener's sturdy, tongue-tied application to the simple and obvious task the British people saw the working of its peculiar genius and traditions. The war might be new in ever so many respects; it was not new to England in being a long trial of endurance, and for such a task the traditionally stolid, if sometimes stupid, Englishman seemed the safest man at the head of the armies.

The wisdom of Kitchener's method has been sharply questioned since the beginning of the battles around Verdun. The doubt has arisen whether the French could bear up under the desperate strain to which they have been subjected for months while Kitchener was calmly setting up and polishing up his armies. But until we know the Allied plan, there can be little safe criticism against British dilatoriness. The probabilities are that Kitchener and Joffre have not shared the fears which the ordinary observer has experienced with the fluctuations of the strife around Verdun. If Kitchener alone were in question there might be room for supposing that he suffered from McClellan's quality of excessive caution. But there is no apparent reason for doubting the common assertion that the British campaign has been carried on under Joffre's supreme direction. If Kitchener went slowly it must be presumed that it suited the French Generalissimo's purpose. The two men were much of the same temper. Kitchener's successor may be his superior in talent. In that respect he is not irreplaceable. But his successor will need the gift of patient, if unimaginative, endurance, which is the means on which the Allies must pin their faith of winning the war.

FAGUET AND FRENCH CRITICISM.

Dr. Johnson once remarked that there was enough in Warburton to make 250 Theobalds, but that the worst of him was that he had a rage for saying something when there was nothing to be said. A feeling of that sort must arise in every one who has tried to follow the output of the late Emile Faguet. Brilliant and fecund, his copious writings often degenerated from criticism to comment, and sometimes to chatter. Much of his dramatic criticism was frankly ephemeral, and some of his *obiter dicta* on French life in such anti-Socialist books as "The Cult of the Incompetent" have been disproved by the war. Yet in his death last week France lost one of her most important contemporary critics and a thinker abounding in suggestion on a wide range of topics. He was a trained scholar, writing a doctoral thesis on

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classical French tragedy, and becoming a professor at the Sorbonne. But nothing was alien to him, and he brought far more than erudition to his work in literature. His interpretative faculty made his studies of the last four centuries in French literature, the three volumes on "Politiques et Moralistes" of the last century, and his monographs on various authors, remarkable contributions to the history of psychology and social manners. He was himself a moralist, not in the English sense, but in the Gallic meaning of a student and observer of human nature, linked with Joubert and Villemain. But he was also sociologist, politician, and philosopher rolled into one. He wrote on Plato and Nietzsche; on the history of philosophy and ethics; on anti-Clericalism and pacifism; on syndicalism, and even on science as related to literature. He could not cover so many fields without being occasionally superficial; but he illumined many subjects, and his aversion to systems and dogmatism preserved his good things from being tainted by his bad.

In regarding such productivity as Faguet's, in glancing at the long list of contemporaries in his department of literature—Lemaître, Rod, René Doumic, Lanson, Bordeaux, De Gourmont, Pelissier, Mézières—one must admit not only that French criticism has outstripped English, but that in France the union of literature and life is close. This last was part of Faguet's creed. To him there was no cleavage between ideas and facts, there was nothing so repugnant as the dilettantism that was unwilling to search for actualities, and there was no patience with the thought that literature did not represent all intellectual realms. "Our true ideas are always facts," he wrote, "facts which we perceive a little before our fellows, and that we seem to have created simply because we present them. It is not ideas that govern the world, but facts—only, since a fact perceived by some one becomes at once an idea, it gains in this form greater force and a quicker appeal." His sense of the real preserved him, for all his intellectual curiosity, from becoming an ideologue; and it led him constantly from one field to another. He saw no reason why a critic of letters should not be critic of other things. With Taine he agreed that literature is largely an expression of the manners and sentiments of a nation at a particular period, and he found it natural to move from the study of books to a directer study of present-day currents of life. Beyond this, of course, he was a man of independence. His sociological works, his praise of the sixteenth century in France at the expense of the eighteenth, his slashing estimates of men like Balzac and Flaubert regardless of what had been said of them before, evince this. But, throughout, his attitude towards life is part of a humanism more common among French critics than others.

When we turn to the two other critics recently dead, De Gourmont and Lemaître, this humanism is exemplified in the same fertility, versatility, and—with all their differences—intensity of contemporary interests. De Gourmont's name is by no means substantially built into recent French thought. He was impressionistic as a critic, and in some books appears as a dabbler in mysticism, occultism, and decadent æsthetics. But this part of his work can easily be forgotten beside his vigor and industry in writing on the whole range of affairs of his time, from the drama to economics and military matters. His work for his *Mercure de France* alone was prodigious. Lemaître was also an impressionist, if compared with the systematic and dogmatic Brunetière, but it was a brilliant curiosity like Faguet's that made him so, and he grew more and more steady. At the outset he wrote short stories, and at two periods, plays. Once he gave up formal literature altogether to engage in politics with pen and voice, at the time of the Nationalist agitation. Yet his "Impressions de Théâtre" number ten volumes, and his "Les Contemporains" six, while he wrote books on Rousseau, Racine, Chateaubriand, and others. His humanism lay not in his works on politics, but in these massed *critiques*. His theatrical impressions are a series comparable, in their delicate study of society, in their blend of wit and tenderness, with Lamb's much briefer dramatic criticism.

The reasons for the wealth of France in critics who touch and adorn many subjects are various. The French mind abounds in ideas, and has a lucidity and quickness that open it to a broad array of impressions. Many-sided critics are not unknown elsewhere. England has had one or two in every generation, from Hazlitt, who wrote admirably on art, literature, and the drama, and well on Napoleon and democracy, to Arthur Symons, who, whatever his limitations, knew his "seven arts" and wrote on subjects so diverse as the French symbolists, Elizabethan dramatists, and Victorian music-halls. But they are not so numerous as in France, nor do they play such a part in forming opinion on the questions of the day. The Anglo-Saxon and Teutonic minds are more inclined to the single track, and those who set up as authorities on one subject are chary of exposing themselves to ridicule by attempting another. The tendency of concentration in one field has its exponents in France, where M. Lanson hands down the careful tradition of Brunetière; and the discursiveness of a Faguet has its obvious dangers. Yet in an age of specialization it is refreshing to meet such catholicity. It is defensible on the ground that the critic's chief gift is an intelligent sympathy, and that in some fields he may trust to an instinctive as well as a disciplined judgment.

"PREPARING FOR LIFE."

It requires no great age to remember the day when no college commencement was complete without its Baccalaureate sermon. The custom is not yet extinct, yet with the passing of the tradition that colleges should have clergymen as their heads, the Baccalaureate came to be preached by others than the president, and so lost much of its original character. It was once a vital symbol of the religious, or more broadly speaking, the moral, worth of a college education. In terms general enough to embrace the future activities of all his audience, "Prexy" drew easily upon Philosophy and History and Science to demonstrate the importance of mental discipline and proved character for achieving any success worth having in the world at large. In some fashion, after four years of drilling at the hands of faculties pathetically limited in number, boys were supposed to be equipped for the "battle of life." And the Baccalaureate sermon was both a reminder of this and an exhortation not to let go the ideals held up at college.

The charge that is given at commencement to-day is nothing so general. It has been revolutionized, if for no other reason, by the mere mechanics of the curriculum. When Samuel Butler half a century ago prophesied that the next ruler of the earth would be the machine, he probably thought that at least the university would resist this usurper. Yet the very flexibility of present-day curricula gives them a pervasive subtlety which is overpowering. The simple classical system which was easily controlled has yielded to an arrangement whereby students at the end of sopohomore year may enter courses in graduate or technical schools and strike out in all manner

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of ways. Already many are looking forward to the specialties which they hope later to espouse, and the tendency of the exhorter at commencement time is to hold up to graduating classes the ideal of the expert, as though it were the business of all to know the lines of their subsequent careers. The varied opportunities for special study which a modern university presents has seemingly rendered insignificant the thought of that general discipline which used to be regarded as a college's priceless asset. To such an extent is this impression given that the man who goes to college purely in the older spirit must feel decidedly out of it as he listens to the farewell charge—the modern equivalent of the old Baccalaureate sermon—of his president.

We do not wish to belittle the training which universities are providing in their technical branches, and we readily concede the force of the temptation which presents itself at this season to college presidents. In the first place, it is easy to be convincing while being specific. If, as in universities of the Middle West, it can be stated that students are learning, among other things, how to double the wheat crop, the assertion is a strong factor in an institution's justification of itself. Only, it is regrettable that the time has seemingly passed for the older justification—that a college's main function is to further straight thinking and the upbuilding of character.

The emphasis upon the expert might well be relaxed at commencement time. For these seasonal addresses have helped as much as anything to promote the false notion that no one is prepared for life who is not looking forward to serving society in some very definite capacity. They lend themselves easily to advocates of that kindred doctrine of the strenuous life, which made mollycoddles of all who shunned the spotlight. Miss Repplier's objection to the modern attitude towards children, which regards them not first of all as little boys and girls, but as future parents and coming citizens, has its close parallel in the present-day attitude towards college students. The question is worth considering whether less thought of the latter as future experts and more attention given to them as all-round human beings would not better equip them for the high callings awaiting them.

The present year of grace might well have prompted some college president to revert at commencement to the old-fashioned exhortation. Though sounding reactionary, it would have been refreshing and valuable for the times. For there seems to be rather more reason to-day than ever before for stressing the broad contemplative regimen which the university used to foster. So great a calamity as the war could hardly fail to bring with it a crop of happy-thought remedies designed to secure this troublous planet against the recurrence of conflicts and even of personal wranglings. History and psychology are thrown overboard as of no avail in planning for the good time coming. In the general overturn of things fads and follies are spreading which can be headed off not so much by the expert as by hard minds broadly trained. If universities in their concern to be expert shall lose interest in this most valuable, if general, form of service, then we insist that education in this country will go much astray. Better far that the college should stand for a temporary retreat from actual life than that the machinery of actual life should so permeate the college as to destroy its traditional opportunity for detachment.

Foreign Correspondence

PROPHESYING OF PEACE—TERMS AND CONDITIONS.

By STODDARD DEWEY.

PARIS, May 27.

If ever there was need of the Liberty of Prophesying, it is now. To France the war has been a struggle for existence. Her governors have the right and the duty to accept no talk of peace which does not guarantee her existence for years to come. Germany, who has attacked the existence of France, tries, for that reason, to cast the blame for declining peace now on France and her allies. This is the reason why President Poincaré, in the name of France, has spoken words so strong to the city of Nancy, which is a part of invaded and annexed Lorraine (May 14):

"All France has heard your voice and that of your sisters who are in captivity or torment; and all France gives you answer: 'Count on me. I shall take no rest before the finishing of victory. By the heroes of the Marne, of the Yser, and of Verdun, I swear to you that you shall be delivered; I swear to you that you shall be avenged.'"

Later, to a multitude of refugees, he enforced his words:

"France will not give up her sons to the dangers of new aggressions. The Central Empires, haunted by remorse for having let loose this war and terrified by the indignation and hate which they have aroused in mankind, are trying now to make the world believe that the Allies alone are responsible for the lengthening out of hostilities. Heavy irony that deceives no one! Neither directly nor indirectly have our enemies offered us peace. But we do not wish them to offer us peace; we wish them to ask peace from us. We do not wish to undergo their conditions; we wish to impose our conditions on them. We do not wish a peace that shall leave Imperial Germany mistress to begin war over again, a peace that would suspend over Europe an everlasting menace. We wish a peace that shall receive from the restoration of right real guarantees of equilibrium and stability.

"So long as such a peace is not assured us, so long as our enemies do not confess they are vanquished, we shall not cease to fight."

In a case of life and death like this, neutrals are not wise to adopt the mental attitude of the Northern farmer towards his parson:

> I thought 'e said what 'e ought to a' said and I comed away.

All prophesying of the war's end, of the terms and conditions of peace, should keep this in mind. So far as France is concerned—and *a fortiori* Belgium—the end of war will be a defeat without remedy unless it realizes two things:

First, the German armies must have evacuated the entire territory of France and Belgium as they were before war was made on them—*status quo ante bellum.*

Secondly, peace negotiations must deal first and foremost with rendering Germany powerless to make any other such wars.

All questions of indemnities and restoration of damages done by the German invasion are of secondary importance when compared to these.

For France, strict obligations of her own honor, and of duty towards populations that have put their trust in her, and of faith in the right of peoples not to be transferred by force and without their consent from one government to another, make the question of Alsace-Lorraine of equivalent importance. The completeness of victory will decide whether this final question will have to be fought out by arms or can enter into the reconstruction of peace—but decided it must be.

All this may seem very unyielding to Americans who have not yet learned that no Frenchman thinks of giving up until this essential victory is achieved. Prime Minister Briand, since the speech of the President of the Republic, has said the same thing as head of Government to the delegates of the Russian Duma (May 22):

"We fight now—we wish to conquer—we shall conquer.

"Germany, using in turn force, when she thinks herself strongest, and cunning, when she feels herself weakening, now recurs to cunning. She is circulating the wonder-working word of peace. Where does the word come from? To whom has it been said? In what conditions? To what end?

"Germany counts on her sly manœuvres disuniting the Allied countries. Not one of them will fall into so wretched a snare.

"I have said and I repeat: When blood is flowing in torrents, and while our soldiers with such abnegation are making the sacrifice of their lives, the word peace is sacrilegious, if it means that the aggressor shall not be punished, and if to-morrow Europe risks again being delivered up to the arbitrary will, the fancies and caprice of a military caste athirst with pride and the lust of domination.

"This would be the Allies' dishonor. What should we answer if to-morrow, after concluding such a peace, our countries were anew dragged into the frenzy of armaments? What would generations of the future say if we committed such folly and let pass the oc-

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casion which is offered us of establishing on solid foundations a durable peace?

"Peace shall come from the victory of the Allies—it can come only from our victory. Peace must not be a vain formula; it must be based on international rights guaranteed by sanctions against which no country shall be able to rise up. Such a peace will shine on humanity. It will give security to the peoples, and they shall be able to work and make progress by following their own genius —blood shall no longer be upon them."

So far the voices which we hear do not prophesy of peace—they are still for war. Neutrals whose respect for Germany is almost fear, and dies hard, will ask what is to be the last state of Germany in this French conception of the peace which is essential. Certainly, after all this anguish at the violation of the right of peoples to exist, no one thinks of remedying the great wrongs of this war by inflicting the same wrongs on the German people.

The coolest outsider cannot help thinking that the world would be better if dynasties and military nobles were abolished.

> God said, I am tired of Kings,
> I suffer them no more;
> Up to my ear the morning brings
> The outrage of the poor.
> Think ye I made this ball
> A field of havoc and war,
> Where tyrants great and tyrants small
> Might harry the weak and poor?

This was once a common enough sentiment in America. In Republican France, no doubt, a diversion towards a Republican Germany would have been welcome, but the cringing of Socialist workmen before the sub-officers of their years of military service debars all hope of this. And Frenchmen have no wish, even in equitable revenge, to impose conditions on Germany which will keep the war-spirit alive in German people.

There may be a misunderstanding regarding the measures taken among the Allies for economic defence against Germany after the war. No one wishes to crush the German people from existence. They are measures of necessity, lest Germany should change her war to another field. The measureless folly of this war on the part of Germany can never be judged properly except in the light of her economic position before she declared war. She was the one nation that was by way of conquering the markets of the world and their carrying trade—the two conditions of commercial domination. All this she has certainly lost, no matter what the victory may be in actual war. No terms of peace can hold against the universal sentiment of distrust which this war has bred.

MR. ASQUITH'S NEW TASK

By SIR HENRY LUCY.

HOUSE OF COMMONS, May 20.

Beyond the circumstance of exceptionally long tenure of office, Mr. Asquith has in another direction beaten the record of the Premiership. He has on more than one occasion quitted Downing Street to take personal part in the direction of Imperial affairs across the seas. His latest move has been to Ireland. On more than one earlier occasion he crossed over to France to confer with the heads of an Allied Government, one such visit being extended as far as Rome. These are novel developments of the energy and personal influence of a Prime Minister. The only precedent for such intervention is found in the case of Lord Salisbury's attendance on the Berlin Conference of 1878. Neither Pitt nor Peel, Palmerston nor Gladstone, ever conceived it to be their duty to jaunt abroad in the interest of the Empire committed to their charge.

As a matter of fact, perhaps little known, the Prime Minister is prohibited from setting foot on a foreign shore without expressed permission of the sovereign. In the autumn of 1883 Gladstone, taking a holiday trip on one of the Castle liners, at the time under the generously hospitable control of Sir Donald Currie, inadvertently disregarded the injunction. Crossing the North Sea the Pembroke Castle put in at Christiansand in Norway, thence proceeding to Copenhagen, at which port her visitors, including Tennyson and the present wife of the Prime Minister, at that time a young lady affectionately known as "Margot," went ashore.

There was something comical in Gladstone's affright on realizing his indiscretion. Writing to Queen Victoria from Copenhagen on September 15, 1883, "Mr. Gladstone presents his humble duty to your Majesty, and has to offer his humble apology for not having sought from your Majesty the usual gracious permission before setting foot on a foreign shore." After explaining the circumstances attendant upon an unpremeditated excursion, which he rather meanly hints was due to the initiative of Tennyson, he "humbly trusts that under these circumstances his omission may be excused." The letter brought from her Majesty a rather icy assurance "giving him full credit for not having reflected at the time." In reply Mr. Gladstone "may humbly state that he had no desire or idea beyond a glance, if only for a few hours, at a little of the fine and peculiar scenery of Norway." Here the matter was graciously permitted to rest and the errant and erring Premier retained both his head and his liberty.

The fetters with which a Lord Chancellor is bound with respect to visits to foreign parts during his term of office are even more restraining. He may not quit Great Britain, even Ireland being a forbidden field, seeing that, as Disraeli, explaining a cause of its perennial distrustfulness, said, it is "surrounded by the melancholy ocean." If he makes holiday he must select a locality lying somewhere between John O'Groats and Land's End. The reason for this restriction is that wheresoever the Lord Chancellor goes he must carry with him the Great Seal, and that is not to be trusted out of the country.

The Premier's mission to Ireland has been watched from Westminster during the week with interest that found expression in a contradictory variety of conjecture as to its object and intention. It is significant that this has been based on common ground of admission that drastic reform of what is known as Castle Government should forthwith be undertaken. Another point of general agreement has been that such end can be attained only by common consent and the collaboration of leaders of the Unionist and Nationalist parties in Ireland. Personal relations recently established between Sir Edward Carson and Mr. Redmond in the House of Commons seem favorable to such a happy conclusion. No communication on the subject passed between Downing Street and either leader before Mr. Asquith started on his journey to Dublin. Like the forgotten Gen. Trochu at the Siege of Paris, he doubtless had "his plan." But he went to Ireland with an open and free mind in search of information helpful whether to its abandonment or to its development.

In dealing at the present juncture with the perennial problem he has an advantage withholden from Gladstone in successive efforts to grapple with it. He is the head of a Cabinet numbering among its principal members leaders of the two English political parties that have fought each other in the last thirty years over the Irish question. In any settlement now achieved or attempted, it may safely be assumed that the convictions, hopes, and fears of the combatants will be studiously regarded and dealt with on equitable terms.

AMERICAN WORK IN GREECE—A SERVIAN ORPHANAGE—THE DUNCAN LOOMS.

By JOHN A. HUYBERS.

ATHENS, May 11.

A ride of eighteen minutes in the electric railway that runs at intervals of fifteen minutes between Athens and the Piræus takes you to the pleasant station of the Phaleron, the bathing place of Athens. The shore faces the blue waters of the Bay of Phaleron, enclosed on the right by the hill of Munichia, concealing the Piræus beyond, and on the left by the shore of the Old Phaleron that runs at a right-angle out into the sea. From the broad esplanade a walk to the end of the short iron pier, between the two bathing houses, shows you the hills of the Island of Salamis, and in the blue haze beyond the heights of the Island of Ægina, the home of the sponge-fishers. But in the waters of the Bay of Phaleron the eye fails to see the pleasure craft, the sailing and motor boats to be found everywhere in American waters. No better sailor or fisherman can be found than the Greek, who earns his living by the sea, and the harbor of the Piræus, near by, is crowded with the small sailing craft, the fast sailing caravels that trade between that port and the islands, but the men of leisure, those who spend their spare time in sailing a boat for the pleasure of it, are lacking here, and on this glorious May day there are to be seen only one yawl-rigged yacht at anchor and two rowing skiffs, whose men are out for practice, and there are no motor boats in sight.

On the broad esplanade is the railway station, impressive in the quiet dignity of its architecture, with palms and trees of noble foliage roundabout. Near by are two large cosmopolitan hotels. Between the hotels, and coming as a surprise to the visitor, is a refined pocket-edition of Luna Park, Coney Island, and bearing the same name. The largest and handsomest of the hotels was taken over by the Greek Government, in the Balkan War of 1912, as a place of residence for the Turkish officers, prisoners of war. Next to the other large hotel, standing in its own garden, is a double cottage with tiled gable roofs. The American and Servians flags are flying at each end of the roof. This is the Frothingham Servian Orphanage, in the care of Madame Dora Grouitch, seconded by Miss Elva Reid, of New York.

As one opens the iron gate the sound of children's voices in the garden beyond falls pleasantly on the ear, and without stopping

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at the entrance of the cottage, you follow the path directly into the garden and find yourself among twenty-five or thirty small children happily at play. You forget that you are in an orphanage, the children seem to be one big family, and there is none of the staid mournfulness that attaches to so many institutions. It is only when you have passed some time there that the seriousness of one or two of the small faces, after the moment of mirth is over, carries to your mind the tragedy of their lives that brought them here.

The New York girl in her spotless short-sleeved waist, with her strong white arms round the fatherless and motherless Servian baby boy, might well be the living symbol of what America is doing here for Servia. What if the number of the children helped is limited, the work remains none the less the type and example of what may be done by America, and is being done at this moment by an American, to help a people whose very virtues have been their ruin. And this is a noble charity, reaching out to the babes and children, innocent victims of a war that had taken from them father, mother, home, country, all love, all care, all means of existence at the beginning of their lives, leaving them no protection but their helplessness to that Fate that so far had shown itself merciless. So this work seems less a charity and more just the right thing done at the right moment, for there is a tremendous appeal about these young children, and the appeal has been answered here. They can say in the evening now, "Our Father which art in Heaven," without its falling strangely on the ear of a listener, for they have found a father's care, so a divine Father's care becomes possible to their childish minds, although ruin and murder have swept their own homes and parents away. Madame Dora Grouitch has made the children add to their evening prayer, "And God bless our father Frothingham." These words lisped by childish voices impress the American listener, these Servian children calling for a blessing that seems to reach out to all the United States through the good deeds of one American.

The New York girl allows me to take in my arms a nameless child eleven months of age. Its color of perfect health and its robustness speak well for the loving care it has found here. One feels that here is the type of a whole race. For what gifts of Nature have made this child hold in the bud, in face, feature, and limb, the promise and blossom of a splendid type of manhood, the hope and pledge of a noble race whose redemption is yet to be.

Other lovable children are here in the garden playing round me. Those who are childless might find the child of their dreams in this garden. This little girl who has stayed in her play to look up at me, a lovely little face with black eyes of soft brilliancy; or her companion, winning in the strange sadness of the eyes. In them is the true story of what the little tongue cannot tell—the sudden taking away of father and mother, for the child was found under a table in a wrecked home.

Here is a boy of ten with clear lines to his face, delicately modelled features, sensitive nostrils, and firm, full mouth and chin. He is in perfect health and spirits, and his gentle breeding shows in all his actions. His father must have been accustomed to command men, and this boy may be a leader of his people. It is good to know that from across the Atlantic has come the saving help at the right moment. And here is a boy of fourteen, the oldest there. He was one of the stray Servian refugees that drifted through Salonica to the Piræus and found his way to the orphanage. But now he is impatient. "My place is not here," he says; "I want to be a soldier."

There is a small doorway on the Place de la Constitution, between the Rue Hermes and the Rue Metropole, facing the broad square, with the orange trees and tall cypresses that stand before the old palace of the King. Over the doorway are the words 'EPTON RAYMOND DUNCAN. You pass through a small passage and up a few stairs to find yourself in a large, well-lighted, cheerful room, in which stand the great looms where the Greek girls are seated in their own beautiful country costumes weaving rugs and carpets. All the girls are refugees, either from Asia Minor or from villages in Thrace and other Greek districts where the Bulgar now reigns.

In the absence of Mr. Duncan, Mr. Jean Mitzialis, the director, shows me round and stops before the various looms to explain the work and the methods. The only noise in the workshop—if you can call it a noise—is the soft voices of the girls exchanging a few words with each other over their work, and the rhythmic sound of the wooden-toothed hammer beating down the wool between the vertical strands of the warp, for after weaving a few lines the weaver beats it closely down upon the part already woven.

At the first loom three girls are weaving, the bright colors of the kerchiefs on their heads contrasting with the cool cream-color of the strands of the loom. They wear over the linen bodice with its delicate broidery long, sleeveless white woollen jackets, embroidered with large stripes in low-keyed harmonious tones of blues, greens, and blacks. All the wool is purchased raw; 35 per cent. in weight of impurity is removed in the washing; it is spun by hand, not by machine, and dyed, no aniline dyes being used, and all the work is carried on in the establishment.

An undyed rug, showing what may be done with the natural colors of the cleansed wool, is shown, beautiful and harmonious, with its design in grays and browns of various tones and blacks. Such a rug is much more expensive than the dyed rug. It requires the well-trained eye of the expert to pick out in the unwashed wool purchased the necessary qualities of color. The wool is that of lambs a year old, more silky and soft in texture than that of the older animal.

We pass from loom to loom. At one is a girl working without kerchief on her head. Here is a true Greek head, with her neck the color of a gold damask rose, and the crown of dark hair with loosely woven plait, raven-black if you will, but with tawny lion-red tints as the light from above catches it, and deep blue reflections as of Southern skies at night—both the fires of earth and lights of heaven commingling in the tresses of her hair. Her name? Aphrodite. Descendant of the greatest race that ever lived, and heir to all the ages—now a refugee, America has come to her aid, and here on Greek soil, hers by birthright, she has found at last safety and shelter, weaving beautiful things in lovely colors, grays and pinks and blue-greens that recall the colors of the great hills, rising from blue seas, that are Greece.

In the large room are no less than nine looms, four on one side, three on another, and two at the end, with from three to four girls working at each loom. The other end of the room opens into the antechamber, in which are kept specimens of the finished work. No machine-work can approach the work of these hand-looms in beauty, quality, and durability, and it is owing to the enterprise of an American that these Greek girls find employment and their means of existence in the ancient and beautiful art of weaving—one of the perfect handicrafts of Ancient Greece.

An example of the wide scope of American endeavor in the Orient is found in the young man who points out the work in the anteroom. He is a graduate of the American Protestant College at Beirut. His faultless English and gentle manners make it difficult to believe that Mr. Deeb is an Arab by birth. He speaks with warm gratitude of Dr. Howard Bliss, the president, and of Mr. Nicolay, the head, of the commercial department of the College, where he spent four years. On my asking if there was any pressure exercised in the matter of religious belief he replied, "I found my teachers more willing to point out the good in the religion to which any student belonged than to lay stress on points of their own faith," and because of that and the education received there they have made America a name loved and respected in an alien land, where their work fills a great need, and comes as a blessing wherever its influence extends.

Notes from the Capital

JOHN S. MOSBY AND JAMES J. HILL.

The death list of the last fortnight robbed Washington of two old men who, though their homes were elsewhere, have long been familiar figures in our streets. No two men could have been more sharply contrasted in type than John S. Mosby and James J. Hill, and the contrast covered both mind and body. Hill's whole bent was constructive, Mosby's destructive. Hill was full of practical philosophy. Mosby was emotional and poetic in temperament. Hill was a born prophet, Mosby lived his best in reminiscence. Hill was thick-featured and shaggy, Mosby's face and head were as clean-cut as a cameo. Hill, in his seventy-eighth year, was of stocky build, and looked tough enough to last another quarter-century; Mosby, at eighty-two, bore his slender figure fairly erect, but showed his age in his attenuation and his general air of frailty.

I met Mosby first soon after the Civil War, and was never more astonished in my life than at his appearance. During the war, as I read the newspaper accounts of his daring raids, he was pictured in my youthful imagination about like one of Howard Pyle's swashbuckling heroes or the Pirate chief in "Peter Pan." When he introduced himself to me amid an environment of the profoundest peace, I refused at first to believe that he was the pillager I had read about. Clad in a sombre suit of black broadcloth, its full-skirted coat opening upon a low-cut waistcoat, expansive linen bosom, and modest white neckerchief, he would have passed anywhere as a country minister of the period. His address fitted the guise, his voice being low and pleasant, and his manner kindly and in a sense confiding, though serious. We talked

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of many things, but of none which interested me more than his reference to his love of poetry, and his statement that through all his fiercest raiding period he had carried with him a little volume of verse by his favorite author, William Cullen Bryant. It was his special delight, after a hard day's fighting and burning, to settle down in some safe place and read a poem or two for refreshment; and his scholarly admiration of the purity of Bryant's English was as keen as his appreciation of the thought conveyed by it.

The destructive bent to which I have alluded was not confined in its manifestations to his military exploits; in all his civic activities he seems to have been more of an investigator and prosecutor than advocate or propagandist. He unearthed shortcomings in the management of the American Consulate at Hongkong, pried up land-frauds in Colorado, and pursued a number of criminal or semi-criminal trails as an assistant attorney in the Department of Justice. You could hardly look at him without fancying his long, pointed nose as sniffing some sort of an ill-boding scent.

Hill, though always approachable, had a much more abrupt manner than Mosby. He was a scorner of embarrassing trifles. There is small doubt that he cherished some very distinct notions of the good and bad qualities in other men, but he showed little disposition to discuss them. Human beings, to him, seemed merely the movable pieces on the big chessboard of progress which filled all his mind; and, after you had exhausted in two minutes his fund of comment on his rival magnates in the railway world, he would find glad relief in sketching for you, with a pencil on a large sheet of paper, some field hitherto unsupplied with transportation facilities, and show you, in definite units and decimals, what could be done there, at what probable cost, and with what almost certain results.

I have been surprised, in looking over the sketches of Hill which have fallen under my eye since his death, to observe how one incident is ignored, which, as he told me thirty-odd years ago, had marked the first important turning-point in his life. It occurred when, as a young man, he went, with a fellow-clerk and in a very small way, into a fur-trading venture in the Hudson Bay country. He had always felt, up to that time, more or less dependent on others for his chances to get ahead in life. But once, starting afoot, with a half-breed Indian for a guide, to cross in midwinter a long stretch of unpeopled and unknown territory deeply buried in snow, he was several days from civilization, when in the night, he was accidentally awakened by something, to discover signs that the guide was preparing to kill him and make off with his money, guns, ammunition, and provisions. By a trick he contrived to turn the tables on the treacherous fellow, and then, in spite of all appeals and promises of better behavior, turned him adrift with just enough rations to last back to Winnipeg. As the guide disappeared over a ridge on the horizon, Hill realized that he was now absolutely alone in the midst of a trackless wilderness, with no chart or instructions to steer by, and with an uncertain number of miles still lying between him and his destination.

Then, for the first time in his life, he told me, he dropped upon his knees and committed himself to the mercy of God. When he rose his heart was strengthened, and he felt himself to be a full-sized man, who must *thereafter stand on his own two feet and* make his own way without leaning on others or trusting blindly to luck. Pushing forward in what, from the position of the sun, he conceived to be a northerly direction, he reached, after two days' plodding, a camp where he could get shelter, cooked food, and intelligent advice for finishing his journey. "From that day to this," said Hill, in concluding his story, "I have been my own master in everything, and have never known what it was to have a sinking of the heart in the presence of difficulties." TATTLER.

Precarious or Lasting Peace?

A PROPOSAL TO CONSTRAIN SCIENCE TO THE SERVICE OF CIVILIZATION.

By SALOMON REINACH.

The French Minister Briand said to the *Times* correspondent (October 29, 1915): "The policy of France is contained in these words: Peace through victory. Peace means the restoration of every country's right to develop its own civilization; victory means the crushing of German militarism."

Nobody would contradict M. Briand in this, but the moment seems to have come when the full import and consequences of his words should be realized. Peace will be a delusion if but a truce; victory useless if German militarism, crushed for the time being, can reassert itself more formidably after a short interval. Moreover, when people talk of destroying German militarism, the cause of the present war, they take up, as it were, the most urgent business, but stop short of voicing the very feeling which they have or ought to have in mind; there is *one* word too much. What must be eradicated is militarism without an epithet, militarism being any system that prepares war, while the aim of every legitimate system should be the preservation of peace.

Since the beginning of the world's war, we have heard it stated repeatedly that it must be the last one, that the remedy should be procured by the very excess of the evil, that the fathers consent to give away their lives or limbs in order to spare the same ordeal to their sons. Not only the immense majority of the Allies, but the immense majority of mankind cherish this same ideal. The question is, how to realize it.

Many statesmen and thinkers have rightly emphasized the principle of nationality, the guarantees due to minor states that their individuality shall be respected, and so forth. Some frontiers must be accordingly remodelled; past crimes must be made good; Denmark, France, Belgium, Servia, Poland must retrieve what they have unjustly lost.

But it would be a dangerous mistake to believe that any readjustment of frontiers could afford a sufficient guarantee for future peace, or that war indemnities, protective tariffs, and the like could oblige the peace-breakers to renounce their schemes. We are no longer in 1815, when fortresses were considered as obstacles to aggression, when financial disabilities involved disarmament. The treaty which shall put an end to the present war will do nothing for the interests of mankind if it is like any of the *former ones.* Why? Because the character of war and warfare having undergone a complete change, the conventions and treaties which put an end to warfare cannot, in any degree, resemble those of the past.

At the future Congress, among the seats reserved for the delegates of the great Powers one seat should remain vacant, as reserved to the greatest, the most redoubtable, though youngest of Powers: science in scarlet robes.

That is the new fact; that is what diplomacy should not ignore, if that imminent and execrable scandal is to be averted: the whole of civilization falling a victim to science, her dearest daughter, brought forth and nurtured by her, now ready to deal her the death-blow.

As early as 1870, the great historian Michelet wrote that machinery would transform warfare, but that the mechanism of spreading death would soon find a rival in military chemistry. Michelet was a prophet. Fortresses are bygone things. The depths of the sea, the realm of the clouds, are open to machines which can work, unseen, any amount of evil. Military chemistry has only just made its appearance, but we know that whole regions can be turned into deserts by using poisoned gas on a large scale. Wireless electricity has not yet contrived to explode factories or destroy distant towns as by an earthquake, but that is by no means impossible, and may be realized this very year. An Englishman recently wrote to the *Daily Mail* that Germany should not be allowed to have ports, because any port might be used by her for the building of a thousand submarines which could, in the space of a night, without a declaration of war, destroy the English and French navies. But that gentleman did not realize that there were other means of wholesale destruction and murder, which might just as well be prepared in time of peace and used without a warning: 1,000 armed aeroplanes carrying high explosives; 10,000 tons of poisoned gas, and the like.

Any precaution taken against Germany *alone* would be futile. Even a small country, having at its disposal the frightful implements of future warfare and using them without a scruple, might become a terrible danger to the whole world.

Let us conclude that in 1916, if the remodelling of frontiers, the financial compensations, etc., still retain their *raison d'être,* because in conformity with justice, they cannot and should not be considered as the more essential elements of the future settlement. The all-important question is the muzzling of the mad dog. Science, as subservient to the will to destroy, must be put in chains; science must be exclusively adapted to the works of peace.

If, in a civilized country, the police hear of a factory preparing poison, that factory is at once suppressed and the directors punished. What is true for a civilized state should be true for the world at large, for the consensus of states. Such a consensus exists in the matter of keeping down plague and cholera; the only thing now necessary and urgent is to extend its action to a scourge more fatal than either cholera or plague, the scourge of destructive science, because it destroys the best.

The following means should be adopted by the future Congress of Peace:

Every state would pledge itself to renounce the fabrication of submarines, war-planes,

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torpedoes, high explosives (excepting for industrial purposes), guns of more than two inches, poisoned gas (excepting for industrial purposes), and, in general, any instrument or contrivance which the inspectors, sent out by the permanent Peace Committee at The Hague, should consider as adaptable to purposes of destruction and manslaughter.

The inspectors (engineers and chemists), numbering 100 and nominated for ten years, should continually travel about the world, have the right to visit any arsenal or factory and, in general, every place where weapons of war and destruction could be prepared. They would issue permits for certain industrial fabrications and see that they were not used to improper ends. Should they discover the fraudulent beginning of some prohibited manufacture, they would send immediate report to the Hague Committee. Orders would be issued for the speedy destruction of the factory; if disobeyed, the town or country would be placed under boycott and subjected to a heavy fine, while an aerial expedition, starting from The Hague, would destroy the factory and, if necessary, the adjoining town.

As a first result of the Congress, all countries, whether belligerent or not, should, under penalty of being outlawed, deliver all the forbidden weapons they possess. Such weapons, with the ammunition pertaining to them, would be stored in the great arsenal of the Peace Committee near The Hague, superfluous ones being sold as metal for the benefit of their possessors. The great Peace Arsenal, alone allowed to keep in repair the prohibited weapons and ammunition, would be guarded by a body of 5,000 *wardens of peace,* an international force mostly selected from the population of minor countries, such as Switzerland, Scandinavia, etc. That force would receive orders from the Peace Committee alone, and only act when the necessity should be recognized of suppressing some unlawful manufacture or preparatives. Thus, the Peace Committee would be in the same condition as the chief of the police in a great town, where possible evil-doers, although much more numerous than policemen, cannot resist them, because they are either unarmed or lack the perfected weapons and the big guns. A very small force, furnished with all the applications of science to warfare, would easily preserve the peace all over the world. It need not interfere in semi-civilized states, which could eventually be controlled by the menace of an international boycott and blockade.

Renan and Berthelot once dreamed of a great scientific discovery which would put in the hands of a well-meaning tyrant, or of a small minority of friends to mankind, a terrible instrument of coercion, thanks to which nothing could be initiated against the welfare of humanity. But they seem to have overlooked that such an instrument could become the property of an enemy of mankind and enable him to destroy the liberty of the world. That is what has almost been the case. The lesson of 1914-1916 should not be lost. The dreams of Renan and Berthelot must be realized, but to the advantage of liberty and justice, not for their suppression. Humanity must have its police, and science must supply that police, and that police only, with sure means of holding in respect the depredatory nations, the international banditti and world-raiders.

Flemish Folksongs

Monsieur Antoine de Vally, formerly leading tenor at the Antwerp Opera House, and General Director of the Belgian Red Cross work in England since the beginning of the war, has been singing at the Allied Bazaar in New York some Flemish folksongs of unusual interest on account of the quaintness of their words and the charm of the music. The following translations are by Professor Cunliffe, of Columbia University, who has endeavored to retain so far as may be the somewhat irregular metre of the originals. The first three are folksongs gathered by Monsieur de Vally himself by word of mouth; the last two have been printed and translated into French, but not published in English before. They are all popular in Flanders, having been set to music which has long been familiar:

IN WINTER WHEN IT RAINS.

In winter when it rains
The little streams run full,
Then comes the jolly fisherman
To fish from pool to pool.
With his gaff so fine,
With his rod and line,
With his running reel,
With his empty creel,
With his waders brown—derry, derry down,
With his leather waders on.

The pretty miller's daughter
Went to her door and stood
So that the handsome fisherman
Could not pass her if he would,
With his gaff so fine,
With his rod and line,
With his running reel,
With his empty creel,
With his waders brown—derry, derry down,
With his leather waders on.

"What have I done to harm you?
What have I done so sore,
That I may not in quietness
Pass by your little door
With my gaff so fine,
With my rod and line,
With my running reel,
With my empty creel,
With my waders brown—derry, derry down,
With my leather waders on?"

"You have done naught to harm me,
Have never done me wrong,
But three times you must kiss me
Before you pass along
With your gaff so fine,
With your rod and line,
With your running reel,
With your empty creel,
With your waders brown—derry, derry down,
With your leather waders on!"

THE GIANT.

(Antwerp Kermess Song.)

"To-morrow comes the giant's cart, hooray, hooray!
Gowns we'll buy of silk and of lace, neckerchiefs gay."
Turn about, giant, giant,
Turn about, giant so stout.

"Now, mother, draw your very best beer,
The giant is here."
Turn about, etc.

"Now, mother, give him a sugar-plum,
The giant is glum."
Turn about, etc.

"Stop, mother, stop. He's drunk too deep,
The giant's asleep."
Turn about, etc.

MISS PROPRIETY.

"Say, Propriety, will you dance?
I'll give you an egg new laid."
"No, no, I'll not dance with thee,"
Replied the proper maid,
"I cannot dance,
I may not dance,
Dancing is against the rule
Proper maidens learn in school."

"Say, Propriety, will you dance?
A cow I'll give to thee."
"No, no," said the proper maid,
"To dance would weary me.
I cannot dance,
I may not dance,
Dancing is against the rule
Proper maidens learn in school."

"Say, Propriety, will you dance?
A horse I'll give to thee."
"No, no," said the proper maid,
"That's not enough for me.
I cannot dance,
I may not dance,
Dancing is against the rule
Proper maidens learn in school."

"Say, Propriety, will you dance?
And I'll give thee a man!"
"Yes, yes," replied Propriety,
"I'll do all that I can.
I'll gladly dance,
And madly dance,
Dancing's not against the rule
Proper maidens learn in school."

I KNOW NOT WHY.

You are to me so dear, so dear—
I know not why!
Is it for your heart of gold,
For your kisses, sweet untold?
I know not why,
Alas! I know not why!

Why am I sad who hold you dear?
I know not why.
Is it because I doubt your heart,
Or is it for my deep love-smart?
I know not why!
Alas! I know not why!

You are to me so dear, so dear—
I know not why!
Is it for our love-murmurs low
When you would all on me bestow?
I know not why!
Alas! I know not why!

CRADLE SONG.

The little stars twinkle so brightly,
My little one, slumber, be still!
The little stars gaze on you dearly,
Your cradle they guard from all ill.

Sleep, sleep, my little one, sleep.

The little winds whisper their carols,
They sing with your Motherkin dear.
My little one, rest calm and quiet,
The breezes and Mother are here.

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Sleep, sleep, my little one, sleep.

Your Motherkin tenderly loves you,
My angel, by night and by day,
And gently her darling she kisses
When dreaming your smiles turn her way.

Sleep, sleep, my little one, sleep.

For the convenience of those who desire to experiment with the Flemish we print the original of the last selection.

WIEGELIEDJE.

De starretjes blinken zoo helder,
Mijn lieveken, sluimer nu zacht!
De starretjes blij naar u staren
En houden bij 't wiegje de wacht.

Doe, doe, mijn lieveken, doe!

Het windeken fluistert zijn liedje,
Het zingt met uw moederken mêe.
Mijn lieveken, wees er nu rustig
En woel in uw wiegje niet meer.

Doe, doe, mijn lieveken, doe!

Uw moederken ziet u zoo gaarne,
Mijn engel, bij dag en bij nacht.
En zoet zal zij 't engelken zoenen
Wijl 't stil in zijn droom tot haar lacht.

Doe, doe, mijn lieveken, doe!

Correspondence

A CORRECTION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your reviewer of Prof. V. d. Essen's "Short History of Belgium" (*Nation*, p. 594), faults the author's English in this sentence: "The imposition of the Dutch language upon all functionaries—without granting time to *learn* it to those who could not speak it," italicizing *learn* to mark it as the error. But surely, the sentence is faultless. Time to learn the Dutch language was not granted. It is not the old use of *learn* for *teach*, though that could be justified by high precedent.

William Harman van Allen.

Boston, June 1.

TURKISH VIOLATION OF AN AMERICAN SEAL.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the columns of the *Evening Post* last October there appeared a brief cable with the news that the French Consulate at Beirut, Syria, closed since the beginning of the war and in the custody of the United States, had been broken into and the archives seized. Evidently no protest emanated from Washington at this violation of our seal, for the names of several Syrian idealists, who were pro-French in their sympathies, were immediately proscribed, and, according to news just to hand from Paris, have since been summarily executed. Moreover, this breach of international etiquette was made by officials of the Turkish Government, and not at the hands of an irresponsible, fanatical mob; even in the latter event some explanation should have been forthcoming.

Whatever prestige this country holds in the Near East has been hitherto based upon an enviable record: our hands have been clean of politics, and we are known among the Christian subjects of the Turkish Empire as a bulwark against oppression. We are known by the works of our self-sacrificing educators, and by the enlightened native graduates of our institutions at Constantinople, Beirut, etc. And yet we were recently subjected to the indignity of paying a war tax upon these properties without, we may presume, any protest from Washington. Let us hope the Turk will not be permitted further to avail himself of a singularly supine attitude at Washington.

J. Eastman Chase.
W. G. Tinckom-Fernandez.

New York, June 8.

ARMENIA AND MACEDONIA AGAIN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: When, in April, 1915, I was kindly permitted to publish in your columns a few paragraphs inspired by the state of things in the east of Europe, I scarcely could have guessed that these two names, Armenia and Macedonia, would immediately come to the fore as regions where fighting is mentioned daily in the press.

If the fall of Erzerum and Trebizond into the hands of Russia may be regarded as a sort of revenge for Armenia, what shall we say about Macedonia? Will its story in the past enable us to construe any acceptable prospects in regard to its future, or ought we to consider an altogether new scheme of politics as the only means for securing the peaceful existence of that unfortunate corner of Europe?

This question can be answered in a few brief lines. Without going back to the deluge, it may be admitted that Demosthenes did not force the truth when he contended in his Philippics that Macedonia was a fierce enemy of Greece. In the time of St. Paul the Apostle it had been conquered by Rome, whose inheritance Constantine the Great transferred to Byzantium; and Byzantine it remained until a flood of Slavs invaded the Balkans. From that time down Macedonia appears to have been a perpetual field of battle. The Bulgarian Czars led their soldiers as far as Ochrida, and later on Stephan Duschan, with his Serbs, entirely defeated the Bulgarians at Velbuzd, known now as Kustendil. This happened in 1330. At the end of that century began five hundred years of Turkish rule, which was no rule at all, and which brings us down to the Congress of Berlin of 1878, where rule was promised, but was not granted. In 1905, however, the Powers that had participated in that Congress, moved perhaps by remorse of conscience, made a partial attempt to come to the aid of the unfortunate inhabitants driven to despair in their vain efforts to protect their lives and property, many of whom were finding no other issue from their misery than emigration to America, thus abandoning the country to their tyrants. In the first place, the Powers organized a local force of armed police, who were under foreign officers, and some good results were obtained. Then the administration of justice was reformed, which produced even better results. The next step was to have been the taking over of the finances and taxes of the province, and if this had been done Macedonia would have been saved, with or without the coöperation of its Governor, Hilmi Pasha. But that was too much for Ottoman views.

At the beginning of 1906 the Young Turks, jealous of European influence, issued a protest menacing Sultan Abdul Hamid, which protest was soon followed by a military uprising that—the coincidence is worth noting—broke out in the two chief towns of Macedonia, Monastir and Salonica, and spread thence to Constantinople. Instead of urging the acceptance of their own plan of reforms, the Powers fell in with that of the Young Turks, and now we are going to see what will be the conclusion of the whole affair under the guidance of England and France, when the deadly fight between Servia and Bulgaria shall have ended under the walls of Salonica. That such a contest was to occur and had been foreseen even as far back as 1889, is revealed in the book by Spiridion Gopcevic, "Makedonien und Alt-Serbin," printed in Vienna. I quote from page 238:

> All political parties without exception agree that no part of the old Servian land can be allowed, under any circumstances, to be annexed to Bulgaria. They are decided to fight to the death, backed by the whole military force of the country, and in this case they hope that, instead of what happened at Slivnitza in 1885, what happened at Velbuzd will be repeated. *Qui vivra verra.*

Not the author, but we, have lived to see that only one-half of his prophecy has been realized, and that the fate of Macedonia still hangs in suspense. We perceive now that history presents no positive solution of the problem.

The claims of the Greek people to Macedonia are very weak, and have every chance of being set aside because of the indecorous—to use a mild term—conduct of the Greek Government. In fact, the modern Greeks seem to have quite forgotten what Demosthenes, as stated above, once said on the agora of Athens. On the other hand, it would require all the wisdom of Solomon to decide between the claims of the Serbs and the Bulgarians, so intricate are these claims. Let us at all events open the Book of Kings, ch. iii, v. 16-27, and see if his celebrated judgment does not apply in this case. The true mother of the child would not suffer it to be cut in two.

Let Macedonia be not divided: let it exist as a whole, an autonomous province, for a certain number of years, under the tutelage of the Powers, as began to be the case. And when this daughter of Europe shall have attained her majority, she may then herself decide how she will dispose of herself. If either Servia or Bulgaria opposes this course, it will be proof that the opposer is not the true mother of the child.

Henry Doulcet,
Archbishop of Dioclea.

Paris, May 18.

LETTERS FROM STOPFORD BROOKE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Mr. S. W. Brooke, son of the late Stopford A. Brooke, requests me to bring it to the notice of the many American friends of his father that a memoir is in course of preparation, in which it is planned to print selected letters, or parts of letters. Correspondents of Stopford A. Brooke will do a favor by putting letters from him which may be in their possession at the disposal of Mr. S. W. Brooke for the use of the editor of the memoir. Letters, of course, will be preserved with care, and returned in due time to their owners. They should be addressed to Mr. S. W. Brooke, High Wethersell, Cranleigh, England.

F. W. Taussig.

Cambridge, Mass., June 2.

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AMERICANIZED GERMANS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In view of the claims made from time to time by spokesmen for the Americans of German descent that they control more than two million votes with which they will defeat any candidate for President who is not acceptable to them, it is interesting to note that the German element has played a very inconspicuous part in the higher politics of this country. Of the twenty-seven different men who have been Presidents, fifteen are classed as English; one as Welsh; three were Scotch; six were Scotch-Irish; while two were of Dutch ancestry. None is classed as professing the Lutheran creed. Among the Vice-Presidents there was no German. Of the Speakers of the House of Representatives, F. A. Muhlenberg is the only German. During the last two years we have more than once read the lament that the German element has no representative in the Senate, and less than half a dozen in the lower house, and that even this small minority is dwindling. So far as the question of ancestry can be decided from brief biographies not one of the forty-five Governors of Ohio was of Teutonic ancestry. I have, however, not been able to get any information as to their mothers. The same statement holds good as to Indiana, while Illinois claims to have had but one German Chief Executive, the well-remembered John P. Altgeld.

Professor Faust, in his "German Element," declares that the American people are a Germanic nation. If he is using the term Germanic in its ethnological, and not in its political, sense, he is right; but our Government is quite as different from that of Germany as from the Russian. He estimates the number of persons who have German blood in their veins at eighteen or nineteen millions. If he means that the ancestry of these persons has any influence upon their political views, he is greatly mistaken. Most of the Germans who came to this country as immigrants left the Fatherland without any love for it. I spent the first twenty-five years of my life in the region lying from twenty to fifty miles west, south, and northwest of Harrisburg, Pa. Many of our neighbors could not speak English, or German, either, in fact. To most of them, "Germany" meant rather less than the "Holy Land." The few newspapers they read, when they could read, dealt almost exclusively with local affairs, or with matters pertaining to their church. Some of them even affiliated with the Know-Nothings. Less than a year ago I passed some days in the same region. I asked several business men whether there was any pro-German sentiment among them. They assured me there was not, but that most of the people believed the "Allies had no chance."

It is only the comparatively small number of immigrants who have entered this country from Prussianized Germany that spend much of their time in extolling the Fatherland and disparaging the United States. Many of them, as is now well known, did not stop with mere words. It would be strange indeed if the citizens of a country whose Government had persecuted and driven them into exile cherished any agreeable recollection of it or spoke kindly of it to their children. Although most of the German governments began to change for the better about 1850, this was unknown to those who had migrated previously. I am quite sure that the Pennsylvania Germans feel as Americans quite as deeply as do the people of New England, although they differ widely from them in almost everything else. Among my earliest recollections is a family of Württembergers. After 1848 they had on the walls of their sitting-room colored prints of Kossuth, Bem, and Deák, and always spoke of Goegei as a traitor.

Charles W. Super.

Athens, O., June 5.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I consider your review of Col. Roosevelt's book, "Fear God," etc., one of the best reviews I have ever read. The sight of the belligerent Colonel turning "parson" by attempting to bolster up his monstrous schemes on "Preparedness" is enough to make the Sphinx smile. In olden times a certain irascible and warlike gentleman came into close proximity to the prophets' school, and people said: "Is Saul also among the prophets?" (I Sam., x, 12). The way the Colonel handles Scripture is a shining example of the fact that the proverbial male cat cannot fight so well outside his own alley. So long as Mr. Roosevelt remains in his own "alley"—that of vituperation and abuse—no one will care to compete with him. But when he ventures into the field of Scripture and theology, some of us may be just "mollycoddle" enough to be amused at his inconsistencies. Besides, we cannot help remembering that One greater than the Colonel has said: "For all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword" (Matt. xxvi, 52).

R. V. Gilbert.

Atlantic, Pa., June 10.

TAGORE IN JAPAN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It may interest the American admirers of my compatriot, Sir Rabindra Nath Tagore, to hear that he has left India for Japan, where he will deliver a series of lectures. From Japan he will go to the United States to deliver eighteen lectures at the various American universities. His lecturing tour in Europe, of course, depends on the war.

S. M. Mitra.

Royal Asiatic Society, London, May 25.

JOSEPH SALATHIEL TUNISON.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I have seen no notice in any paper of the death of Joseph Salathiel Tunison, which occurred on the 21st of April at East Liverpool, O. It is not meet that so distinguished and unselfish a scholar should pass away in silence because he did not belong to any academic circle.

Mr. Tunison was born near Bucyrus, O., in 1849, the son of a Baptist minister, and received his college education at Denison University, which, later, on account of his literary work, conferred on him the degree of A.B., which he had not remained to take in course. On leaving college he went into journalism and was connected with the Cincinnati *Gazette*, the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, the New York *Tribune*, *Ohio State Journal*, Dayton *Journal*, and other newspapers.

He found time, however, to continue his studies, and in 1888, while connected with the New York *Tribune*, published at Cincinnati (Robert Clarke & Co.) "Master Virgil: The Author of the Æneid as He Seemed in the Middle Ages. A Series of Studies." My acquaintance with Mr. Tunison began in a curious way while this book was going through the press in 1888. My old friend, Prof. J. M. Hart, afterwards for many years my colleague at Cornell, then in the Cincinnati University, wrote me that the printer of a book on Virgil had called him in to verify an Old English quotation. In this way he had come to learn of the work and its author. He added that he had written to Mr. Tunison suggesting that I might, if not too late, give him some hints upon the Virgil-legend. A few days later, April 18, came a letter from Mr. Tunison, so characteristic of the man that I must give an extract from it:

"Professor J. M. Hart, of Cincinnati, writes me that he has informed you of a book which I have in press on the legends of Virgil. As I wrote in a letter to my father, which was, I think, shown to Professor Hart, I had not the courage while at work on my task to trouble even those scholars whom I knew, because I felt that every one had enough to do in his own chosen field. Now, I fear that, so far as the book itself is concerned, little can be done to remedy whatever defects there may be, for the pages are nearly all stereotyped, and the limit of possible changes is a narrow one. But while the book is practically dead to modification, the room for improvement in my own case is marvellous. What I do not know would fill an excessively large library. My book is not the work of a specialist; it is merely a series of essays, by a man fairly well read, on a theme which is usually considered that of a specialist. When I sought information on the subject, I found that writers in English had disregarded it; so I went to the Latin, Italian, French, German, and the mediæval dialects for my own satisfaction, and the book grew under my hands almost unintentionally. It is not in a newspaper man to write and not print; that is my excuse for the book. I hope to hear from you even though you cannot now save me from the results of my temerity. However, unless I am overruled by Messrs. Clarke & Company, the edition will be small, and I shall be able to make the apology the young woman made for her baby, that 'It is such a little one.'"

I reviewed Mr. Tunison's book in the *Nation* (January 10, 1889) and in the *Journal of American Folk-Lore* (April-June, 1888). It was the first scholarly recognition which the author had received, and he was grateful for it. The result of my interest was a friendship broken only by his death. It is very creditable to the American reading-public that "Master Virgil" was favorably received. Two years later Mr. Tunison wrote: "The second edition of 'Master Virgil' is off the press, but, I suppose, will not be offered for sale for a month yet. . . . The first edition made enough to pay for the second, so that I did as well as any one could expect with such a book." He sent me a copy of the second edition, and, with his usual modesty, said: "I shall be delighted if you find it convenient to give my second edition a send-off, but I do not want you to think that I had the book sent you with that in view; my purpose was to give you a little token of gratitude for your previous kindness."

As a matter of literary history, I may quote from a letter of May 22, 1906, to which I shall return later: "It is useless to expect a money return for anything except some trashy novel. At the worst, you did not have

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the edition and the plates (of your 'Jacques de Vitry') burned up, as I did in the case of my book on Virgil. It is impossible to get a copy of that book for love or money."

I made Mr. Tunison's personal acquaintance while he was on the staff of the New York *Tribune* (1884-1896), and I recall vividly some strolls in Central Park and interminable discussions of his plans for future work. One of his closest friends was the distinguished musical critic of the *Tribune*, Mr. H. E. Krehbiel, himself a scholar of wide interests. To his influence, I imagine, was due a study by Mr. Tunison on the "Sapphic Stanza," originally published in the *Denison University Quarterly*, and afterwards (1896) reprinted by the University Press, Granville, O., under the title, "The Sapphic Stanza: A Tentative Study in Greek Metrical Tonal and Dancing Art." This scholarly essay is enriched with numerous notes by Mr. Krehbiel, and deserves to be more widely known.

Mr. Tunison's studies in the Virgil-legend led him to plan an extensive work on the Nether World. In the letter mentioned above he writes: "I am glad you asked me a question about the Hell Book. In the first place, the publishers wanted me to pay for the printing of the thing. You will understand the absurdity of that, when you conceive that I had written about five million words to make out my scheme, and that the book as it stood represented something like six hundred thousand words. It was ridiculous to discuss the matter, and I did not discuss it, except to object to the suggestion of one of the publisher's readers. His idea was that the thing should be rewritten with an eschatological aim. That led me to withdraw the thing altogether. I am inclined now to think that the reader's criticism on the manuscript was correct, not because I should be willing to write anything with a purpose either eschatological or otherwise, but because my scheme of trying to do an encyclopædic job in a narrative form was impossible. The two copies of the thing are locked up now at my back here in the office, and my hope is that some time or other I can persuade a group of university men to compose what I should call a 'Hades Encyclopædia.' That is the only way to get at the problem: First, get all the material in an alphabetical arrangement, and then work out conclusions. . . ."

I heard nothing more about the work until 1907, when, June 27, he wrote to me from Dayton: "Some time ago you expressed curiosity about my book on the future life. Now, I never expect to get the thing printed. But I have two copies, and I will gladly consign the typewritten one to you with the introduction and table of contents, if you care for it. Life is short, and I shall never find time to rewrite the manuscript even if I cared to." In some way the manuscript was mislaid, and it was not until January of 1908 that it reached me. It is now before me, typewritten on 679 pages, thirteen inches by eight, and is bound in seven parts. The Introduction and Table of Contents are carefully written in Mr. Tunison's small clear hand on forty-two pages of quarto size. He calls his work "The Humanities of the World of Gods and Ghosts: A Series of Studies in the Myths of the Supernatural World."

At the end of the Introduction, after mentioning his principal sources, the author says: "Alger's great work I did not read until mine was written, because I wished to avoid a doctrinal view of the subject. My hope for the future of the theme is that somebody will compile an encyclopædia of Hades mythology in all its aspects. With such a work, I imagine that a generalization could be reached as to the existence and fate of the soul which might bring age-long controversies to a close." I cannot here describe the work in detail. Suffice it to say that it contains a very careful study of the legends of the Nether World, and an attempt to connect them into a whole. There are six divisions: Primitive and Naïve Views, Links in the Chain of Legend, Ideas Due to the Mystical Motive, The Political Motive, The Artificial Motive, and Through Virgil to Dante.

Had I been a rich man—there are such even among professors—I should have printed the work, but, alas! I was then struggling, and am still struggling, with an unprinted work of my own, and all I could do for poor Tunison was to give him my sympathy and appreciation of his scholarly labors, and provide for the preservation of the work by giving it to Cornell University Library. There it rests, a very honorable monument to a true scholar, as defined by George Russell in "Afterthoughts": "For by 'The Scholar' I mean the man who devotes his life to the disinterested pursuit of knowledge; with no ulterior aims to serve, and with no intention of applying what he has learnt to any practical purpose."

After the work on the Nether World, Mr. Tunison undertook another book with a more fortunate outcome. He says (1906): "Meanwhile, of course, I have been busy. You would guess that, no matter what else you thought of me. Every waking moment of my life must be filled with something. Since the Hell Book episode I have written a book which I entitle 'Dramatic Traditions of the Dark Ages.' I tried ——— with it, and they approved it, but wished me to pay for the printing. Then I sent it to the Chicago University Press, and they have approved it subject to a consideration of the annotations which I am now adding to an extent which will double the size of the book. That job was the outcome of the Virgil study, the Hell study, and a study of the Arthurian legend which you may not have heard about. Brief as my 'Graal Problem' is, I think it is worth very serious consideration."

The books referred to appeared in 1904 and 1907: "The Graal Problem, from Walter Map to Richard Wagner" (Cincinnati: The R. Clarke Co.) and "Dramatic Traditions of the Dark Ages" (Chicago: The University of Chicago Press). Neither work received the "serious consideration" it deserved, and both passed almost unnoticed.

Mr. Tunison wrote no more books, and found an outlet for his mental activity in the field of journalism and the nearly related one of practical politics. In a letter of 1906 he says: "I have been as busy as a bee for the last three years trying to create a sentiment in western Ohio in favor of a deep-water canal from Lake Erie to the Ohio River along the line of the old Miami and Erie, and I really was the originator of the movement which will open the old canal from end to end for motor cargo boats of shallow draft. If I live I shall see a canal ten feet deep and eighty feet wide from Toledo to Cincinnati. And my natural enemies, the politicians, are all against me. They want a dry ditch and pay from the State for patrolling it."

His excellent style could not remain unnoticed. In the same letter he says: "The teachers and scholars in the high school here are quoting my editorials as examples of the influence of the *Spectator* on modern journalism. Now, honestly, does not that make you laugh? That is because I never quarrel with anybody, but just write as if nobody existed except the people who take the paper. And we have lifted the sheet—I am not responsible for this—from four thousand to twenty thousand subscribers in two years. But this will look to you like boasting."

There is a political allusion in a letter of January 20, 1908, which is so interesting just now that I cannot refrain from quoting it. Mr. Tunison says: "I am deep in politics just now helping to make Secretary Taft's nomination a certainty. No doubt, you are for Gov. Hughes, and I have no objection to him personally. But I experimented with him out this way for six months last year, and he developed no strength whatever. His name awakens no enthusiasm in the Mississippi Valley. The New York papers did him more harm than good. They don't understand politics as a scientific game in New York at all."

The same letter contains a reference to something which, unfortunately, perhaps, was not realized. "There is, or has been," he says, "some talk of making a place for me at my college, Denison. I replied, when the thing was put to me, that if they would give me a lectureship in mediæval history, with the understanding that I should confine myself exclusively to the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries, I would accept the other routine offered. I shall not probably live more than ten or fifteen years longer, but I honestly believe that in that time I could revolutionize the study of history at a point where it now seems to me to have gone utterly wrong. But I doubt if I get the opportunity."

Apparently he did not, and continued his journalistic work from Dayton. A short time ago he went to live at East Liverpool, O., where he had a brother. On the 18th of April he was walking near the above-named place, in search of wild flowers. On the edge of a high embankment he lost his foothold on the moist earth and fell with fatal injuries. He died three days after the accident and was buried in the River View Cemetery, among the hills he loved so well.

Mr. Tunison belonged to the older generation of journalists, in whom an old-fashioned classical education had implanted an unquenchable ardor for the best literature and scholarship. If leisure came, the result was a work of sound learning. Nowadays, I imagine, the journalist is claimed by fiction and the movie-drama if he have a moment's respite from his arduous labors. Tunison read widely and deeply; he knew thoroughly the ancient and modern classics. His imagination early attracted him to the splendid legends of the other world, and Virgil and Dante were his constant guides and companions through that mystic realm. I like to think that on that last afternoon of his conscious life in this world, as he was gathering his wild flowers, there may have floated through his memory the beautiful words of his beloved poet:

> devenere locos lætos et amœna virecta
> fortunatorum nemorum sedesque beatas.
> Largior hic campos æther et lumine vestit
> purpureo, solemque suum, sua sidera norunt.
> . . . . . .
> inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes,
> quique sui memores aliquos fecere merendo:
> omnibus his nivea cinguntur tempora vitta.

T. F. Crane.

Ithaca, N. Y., May 23.

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Literature

OUR FOREIGN RELATIONS.

American Diplomacy. By Charles Russell Fish. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $2.75 net.

That Washington's warning, in his farewell address, against unwise entanglements of the United States in the quarrels of other nations was the outgrowth of an incident in the early part of his own Administration, and that we have to thank John Adams for the policy of absolute neutrality which was then adopted and has ever since remained a guide for the conduct of our foreign relations, is brought out most interestingly in Mr. Fish's book. The strained relations between Great Britain and Spain had reached a point in 1790 which obviously portended war. Pitt, then the British Prime Minister, had conceived a project for driving Spain out of the North American continent, consisting in part of the shipment of troops from India to the west coast of Mexico, and sending an expedition from Detroit to capture New Orleans. As the latter force would have to cross American territory, he deputed an agent to visit Alexander Hamilton and discuss the matter of our granting permission.

The agent based much of his argument on the larger profit to the young republic, as a commercial nation, from siding with Great Britain rather than with Spain. Hamilton leaned to this idea, partly because he regarded the encouragement given by the courts of Spain and France to our Revolution as having been dictated less by a desire to aid the cause of liberty than by a selfish hope of damaging England, and partly because he did not see how we were going to be able to back up a refusal. If England were to force a passage for her troops in spite of our objections, we should be compelled to affiliate with Spain, and find ourselves on the losing side at the end. So he was disposed to put off any answer so long as practicable, and then give the desired permission if we must. In the main, Jay agreed with his view.

But President Washington, seeking the judgment of his other advisers, found Jefferson opposed to making such a concession, lest the British should annex Florida and Louisiana to their other holdings on this continent, and presently possess themselves of "all the territory covered by the ramifications of the Mississippi." The menace seemed to him so serious that, if there were no other alternative, he would prefer making the United States a party to the general war, in the hope that England might consider a compromise whereby Florida and Louisiana should become the property of the United States. He also favored holding back our answer a while, to await events.

Vice-President Adams appears to have been the only Federal officer consulted who stood out squarely for absolute neutrality. He was on general principles a man of peace, and he reasoned that America, having been long enough a football between contending Powers of Europe, ought to become entirely independent, and have no relations with other countries except those of commerce. His view prevailed, and we find its reassertion in the farewell address preserving not only the spirit, but, in a way, the form of expression, of Adams's presentation.

Another phase of our diplomatic relations with which the book deals in some detail is the Mexican. Most Americans of the present generation never knew, or, having known, have quite forgotten, the long series of shifts and turns of policy on the part of the Mexican Government towards the United States and the American people. Here again an Adams, in the person of John Quincy, played an important part as a history-maker. Like his father, he looked ahead further than some of his contemporaries. As Secretary of State he had taken a strong interest in the movement for our acquisition of Texas, and on becoming President he applied himself assiduously to bringing this end to pass by peaceful negotiation. He urged Mexico to sell all or part of the region between the Sabine and the Rio Grande, pointing out that the American settlers in that buffer area would never submit to Mexican authority; that the natural progress of American settlement could not be stopped by paper bonds; and that, as collisions on the border "may insensibly enlist the sympathies of the two republics and lead to misunderstandings," Mexico had better at once accept compensation for territory which she would soon lose without it.

It is not surprising that Mexico was indisposed to accept such advice, and her course was not simply stubborn, but actively resentful. In 1826 she forbade the importation of colonists from coterminous nations; two years later she encouraged the formation of colonies on the border, composed of persons not from the United States; and, two years later still, she entirely prohibited immigration from the United States. It took half a generation to bring matters to a head and plunge the two republics into war; but the catastrophe which Adams had foreseen surely came. The story of the interval is dramatic, if not highly creditable to the moral element in the spirit of American progress.

Coming down to very recent times, Mr. Fish finds a sort of precedent for President Wilson's refusal to recognize Huerta, because he wished to discourage the establishment in Spanish America of governments founded on violence, in the threat of President Roosevelt not to recognize a revolutionary leader in the Dominican Republic even if he succeeded. He regards Wilson's attitude, however, as "by all odds the most aggressive turn that has ever been given to our Spanish American policy, as it involves practical intervention in the domestic affairs" of our sister republics. The Roosevelt-Dominican incident he would differentiate from the Wilson-Huerta incident because of our practical protectorate over San Domingo and the size of the island.

The book, covering in 500 pages of large type a century and a quarter of history, is necessarily rather condensed in style, but is abundantly supplied with notes and references which will enable the reader to dig deeper into every episode in which he takes more than a passing interest. The outlines given, moreover, are excellent as regards clearness, and are infused with not a little interpretative color.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Little Lady of the Big House. By Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Co.

In this writer's early work there was a note of freshness, genuine if monotonous, which rightly caught the attention of many readers. Here was a confessedly self-made man and self-made author who knew nothing and cared nothing about the refinements of human experience, but knew much and cared much about the stark elemental facts of life. He had been a miner, sailor, drinker, bruiser; and he wrote of men like himself. He showed an unaffected admiration for his own type, and an unconcealed contempt for any other. He loved the romance of adventure, of danger, blows, and gore, and cared nothing, unless for commercial purposes, for any sort of sentimental "love-interest." He was often brutal, he painted a world strange and enchanting to desk-sitters and strap-hangers, who must needs take their lusty adventure vicariously. But the champion shot his bolt at the outset. He has done pretentious things since then, has featured himself in print as a prophet, a propagandist, a philosopher. He has frequently attempted to broaden his field of portraiture, or to infuse something like romantic ardor into his treatment of the sex-relation. But he always drifts back to the old theme, the old type—that primitive hero, of boundless courage and stalwart thews, pitting himself against all comers, whether human beings or forces of nature or forces of society. In the present yarn he seems to make a desperate attempt at something new. He goes in for a romance of sophisticated life, the motor-car and country-house, diamonds and champagne, money-rolling, intriguing sort of thing. But though he write with the pen of Mr. R. W. Chambers, he remains himself. He does not achieve reality or sincerity in this performance, nor, despite faithful effort, does he attain the enervated voluptuousness of his model. His big man who spends millions, accomplishes marvels in agriculture and a dozen other fields and exercises, and tubs himself, and prances about in the rôle of a stallion exulting in his power, and is such a fool that he lets his fabulously lovely wife be philandered with by another—also a strong, dominating man—this fellow does not "convince" one that he is anything but reincarnation of the consciously virile figure before which, at Mr. London's direc-

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tion, we have so often cowered in the past. For the rest, the only idea in the story would be one which appears to be growing popular with the story-tellers—that of a helpless impulse of polyandry in the modern woman.

Behold the Woman. By T. Everett Harré. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

There is always a good market for evangelical romance. The blending of human and religious sentiment appears to have an inexhaustible piquancy for a certain type of reader. The silver crosses upon the red cover of this book doubtless offer a powerful if slightly pathetic lure to many persons: here, in the past, faith may wistfully seek a refuge from the harassing present. The publishers inform us that this work belongs with "Quo Vadis" and "Salammbô." It remains, in spite, we think, of the author's intent, a book of sensationalism rather than of spiritual force. The seriousness of his purpose we may accept at its face value: "Perchance to-day, when the world is convulsed with wars, when Christian nations are engaged in conflict, armed with the most hideous scientific instruments of destruction ever devised, when rulers blasphemously carry on their campaigns of temporal conquest with God on their side, and when the faint, timorous appeals for peace from the Vatican and the days of prayer in neutral nations are drowned in the confusion of battles and rumors of further wars, this book may serve a purpose in recalling the Supreme Message which seems to have been forgotten." He fancies in it also a message to womankind, an argument for feminism. To enforce these morals he has chosen for his scene "an age which was at once the most magnificent, barbaric, cruel, corrupt, and splendid in the history of the world. Rome under Nero did not compare in many ways to Alexandria at the end of the fourth century." Unluckily, the writer's imagination has been excited and his pen compelled by the cruelty and luxury and corruption and physical magnificence of that age, and they make almost no showing for its glorious romance, admirable achievements in art, philosophy, and learning, a spirit of sheer beauty in living seldom if ever surpassed." He spares nothing in picturing his Alexandrians in their hours of brutal carousal, in their corrupt luxuries and pleasures, in their moral and spiritual debasement; the other side of the shield we must decorate for ourselves. So with his picture of Mary, the great courtesan, central figure in the story. She is to be redeemed, but seven-eighths of his panoramic canvas is given to the voluptuous scenes of her life in the gilded gutters of professional vice. A hundred times her body, her wiles, her toilet, her debauches, are drawn with painful gusto. The author defends his plain-speaking. "To present a great type of redemption," he says, "you must tell, without hypocritical concealment, the infamy and shame of the life from which the sinner has been redeemed." By all means; but, on the other hand, you must not permit yourself to gloat. This is a record which gloats. Intentionally or otherwise, it relies upon the sensational appeal. Therefore, while we recognize his vividness and his sincerity, we cannot agree with the author that in declining to write a book for children he has succeeded in writing a book "for men, and the mothers and wives of men." His punishment will doubtless be a very wide reading by the prurient of all ages.

Beggars on Horseback. By F. Tennyson Jesse. New York: George H. Doran Co.

These are very unpleasant stories. To say that they are effectively told is only to acknowledge the force of the disagreeable impression. The unpleasantness is of two distinct kinds; at least half of the stories have for their theme some abnormal strain of feminine eroticism—usually with an antiquarian cast. In "A Shepherdess of Fauns" an antique form of woodland madness revisits a peasant girl of Provence; its quality is appreciated by an English painter who uses the girl for his model, and the nocturnal revels of nymph, faun, and satyr are reënacted by modern moonlight. In "A Garden Enclosed" a pure-minded young English woman, agonizing to lift an unhappy passion above mere earthliness, achieves with the help of Italian backgrounds the very ecstasy and vision of a mediæval *Beata.* Quite perfect—from the antiquarian standpoint—is "The Ladder," a narrative (dated 1752) of the trial and execution of "Sophie Bendigo, aged 18," for the crime of her father's murder. In others, like "The Mask" and "The Man with Two Mouths," the culminating effect will administer a shock of horror, amounting to physical revulsion, to the most hardened reader. Stark, staring ghastliness like this is fortunately a rare achievement. Without citing any of the old masterpieces of the art macabre, it is enough to remember "The Monkey's Paw" of W. W. Jacobs in order to measure fully the imaginative deficiency of these tales of horror that stop short just at the point where the flesh revolts.

Some Elderly People and Their Young Friends. By S. Macnaughtan. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

S. Macnaughtan's quiet stories run evenly until something happens. Customarily, this occurs once only in the course of the book, but whenever it does come the effect is slightly incongruous. The present volume is a delightful account of a group of London people with whom life deals on the whole gently. In their first station and interrelationships they win confidence as veritable figures, and this by way of overcoming, on acquaintance, a first air of whimsical exaggeration. The four friends who meet every Wednesday for dinner and bridge —the tactful hostess, Julia Crawley; Tom Beamish, gallant and downright; Julia's sister, Mrs. Darling, who sees the hand of Providence in everything unavoidable; Willy Macpherson, scientific and shy—all four of the generation that has lived long enough to be patronized by the next, start out with a suggestion of polished burlesque about them. That they rapidly shed it is due to the singular neatness with which the author builds up by numberless petty touches their proper idiosyncrasies. While they are thus on their way to being endeared to the reader, they become even more plausible, more likable by reason of the condescending forbearance of their younger friends, Mrs. Darling's two daughters and Beamish's niece.

Here is an English writer who can draw prosy respectability without being griped by moral indignation. His whole picture is admirably entertaining until things happen, until, that is, plotted action is accomplished. For in this it is not the first steps that count. Macpherson can belie his supposed character by kissing Julia's hand in private. The deed in itself accomplishes nothing, and is elaborately disconcerting. Beamish, her supposed mute adorer, may turn out to have loved all along her ineligible and unsuspecting sister. But when it comes to all hands 'round and a change of partners, the persuasive fiddle seems to stop. As for the incendiary fling of Beamish's suffragette niece, the whole episode is out of key. It has the thin bravura of a fantasy by Chesterton; and the author, as if after the Edward Lear recipe for Amblongus pie, seems to have thrown his carefully prepared book out of the window.

THE INDIAN COMMUNITY.

Village Government in British India. By John Matthai. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 4s. 6d. net.

Mr. Matthai does not enter into the vexed question of the administration of land and revenue, and the term "village government" merely applies to the part taken by individual officers and public bodies exercising jurisdiction within the limits of a single village. Even excluding the Native States, where, owing to their feudatory character, the original, archaic functions of village life happily still obtain, the author confines his study to so-called British India, and has traced the extent to which these primitive survivals of indigenous government are utilized in the present-day administration. In a country where so large a portion of the people are agricultural the village has always been an important factor, and since the state revenue has always derived from their produce, the collection of its taxes has been facilitated by an ancient system of local government. The modern Indian village is little changed from the Dravidian community that persisted in maintaining a racial integrity, an economic cohesion, through centuries of anarchy and despotism.

Hindu, Pathān, Mughal, Marāthā, and British succeeded each other. As each invader took possession he found ready to

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his administrative needs a community where land was not held by private persons, but by occupiers under a sort of corporation, and where revenue was collected from the community as a whole by the headman. In each village, from times immemorial, the most characteristic feature of government was the *panchāyat*, or village council: originally derived from the number five (*pānch*), a native scholar has noted that *pānch* is of frequent occurrence in Indian sacred literature. While admitting a sacred connotation, and quoting a southern proverb regarding the divine sanction of the *panchāyat*—"There is God in the *Pānch*"—Mr. Matthai adds that there is "no evidence that this number was adhered to with any regularity. The term has almost completely lost its numerical connotation, and means only an association of people for doing administrative or judicial work." In determining the difference between the Indian village and town, the author accepts the definition of the census. A town has a municipal council and a population of over 5,000 persons, the possession of a council pointing to an industrial rather than to an agricultural population.

Thus, in lieu of an official municipal council, the Indian village has for centuries maintained its *panchāyat*, or "extra-legal" council, of which "the staff of functionaries, artisans, and traders" is nearly identical in various parts of India. Elphinstone, surveying the conquered Marāthā territories in 1818, found in the Deccan, where the primitive system had been incorporated by successive Mughal and Marāthā rulers, that the *patēl*, or headman, was equally the representative of the government and of the *ryots*, or cultivators, of the village. Always observant of custom and tradition among the conquered races, Elphinstone wrote in 1821: "Our principal instrument must continue to be the *panchāyat*, and that must continue to be exempt from all new forms, interference, and regulation on our part." Under the exacting Mughals, the headman became a state collector, his village watchman became a revenue officer instead of keeping his hereditary rôle of policeman. Thus the Zamindār, or collector, increased in power under the greed of the Mughals. At each harvest the village crops were thrown together, and before distribution the state's share was deducted, while the exactions varied according as a pro-Hindu and tolerant Akbar, or a bigot like Aurangzeb, ruled at Delhi. Upon the collapse of the Mughal Empire the *zamindāri* system was inherited by the East India Company, chiefly because of its efficiency in a period of chaos. The evil climax to this growth of power came in 1793, when the unimaginative Cornwallis, during his historic land settlement, in the face of wiser counsel, translated the Bengal *zamindārs* into an English squirearchy, calling them "lords of the soil," to which they had no claim whatever.

In respect of the punitive powers of the *panchāyat*, Maine remarked that "in the almost inconceivable case of disobedience to the award of the village council, the sole punishment, or the sole certain punishment, would appear to be universal disapprobation." And Mr. Matthai adduces evidence of the higher authority and intervention of the king in this event, who imposed punishment, either voluntarily or upon request of the village. Regarding the statements frequently made by both official and private observers, that the *panchāyat* is essentially a caste organization, Mr. Matthai takes issue. The village, he reminds us, is generally formed by several families of a certain caste settling there. But the ancient Code of Manu states that committees for interpreting the sacred law may be composed of people from the first three orders. Mr. Matthai further quotes an eighteenth-century diary "in which people of all castes—from the Brahman to the Pariah—took part" in a village meeting, while epigraphic data from the tenth century A. D. point to meetings in southern India, where all residents of the village participated.

Mr. Matthai's study becomes valuable when we realize to what extent the *panchāyat* and its select committees are losing their autochthonous character under increasing British legislation. The unwritten laws and customs of the *panchāyat* in Bengal and Madras are surrendering to legal rights, though they are still potent in matters of caste and religion. R. Carstairs, from official experience, noted that many social disputes in Bengal, where Mussulmans and Hindus constitute the village, are settled privately in the caste *panchāyat:* only grave matters appeared before the courts of the landlord or the village *panchāyat*. From a Parliamentary Report of 1812 the author quotes the following list of functionaries in a Madras village: (1) The headman; (2) accountant; (3) watchmen of two kinds: one who kept the records and accounts of land revenue, and the other with police duties; (4) boundary man; (5) schoolmaster; with various other official persons, like the village astrologer, carpenter, potter, washerman, doctor, musican or poet, and the dancing girl. As is typical throughout India, the artisan as well as the professional worker was usually the member of a caste or guild, and the village office was sometimes hereditary or subject to appointment by the *panchāyat*. The original method of remuneration was either by grants of land free of rent, and sometimes free of revenue, or by definite shares from the village granary, and by tithes from individual harvests—perhaps combining both with occasional perquisites. Historical data support the idea that such artisans were once public servants.

But the three principal officials of the Indian village have always been the headman, the accountant, and the watchman, while the first and last of these survive in nearly every village of modern India. The matters of public welfare that occupied attention were education, poor relief, sanitation, public works, watch and ward, and the administration of justice. We recommend to our readers the exhaustive manner in which Mr. Matthai has discussed the duties of the historic *panchāyat* under these respective heads, and of its survivals in modern Indian administration. Should the author pursue his studies further in this interesting field, we hope he will turn his attention to the rich evidence on this subject to be found in the Native States of India. A good point is made in the preface by Sidney Webb. The desire of Indians for autonomy postulates their government of India as a whole—a status that is not so inclusive even among the self-governing colonies of Canada and Australasia; the local government of village or municipality must first absorb young India's civic and legislative powers. The bibliography should include the valuable testimony of Carstairs and Grierson.

COL. ROOSEVELT FROM A NEW ANGLE.

Theodore Roosevelt. By Charles G. Washburn. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50 net.

The abundant life of Theodore Roosevelt is not inadequately presented in the "Autobiography" published in 1913. Of the restless energy, the intense gusto in the presence of all things, and the bold, free composition which make that work one of the most fascinating records in American literature, the volume before us has little. In compensation, ex-Congressman Washburn develops an original and startling thesis. From a life-long study he concludes that Mr. Roosevelt is rather deficient in personal ambition, that he has shown a certain distaste for political life, that he "has never been a 'politician,'" and that the honors which he has received have been thrust upon him, while he, throughout a logical and consistent career, has stood, so to speak, protesting.

At the age of twenty-three, for example, Mr. Roosevelt had thrust upon him a nomination to the New York Assembly. His distaste for the job is proved by the facsimile of a letter written to "Dear Charley," November 10, 1881: "Too true! Too true! I have become a 'political hack.' Finding it would not interfere much with my law, I accepted the nomination. . . . But don't think I am going into politics after this year, for I am not." Contrary to the purpose here expressed, Roosevelt was a successful candidate in 1882, and again in 1883. From these facts some readers may draw one inference and some another. The analyst of his career says: "The session of 1884 ended his service in the Assembly. He refused a renomination and two nominations for Congress. *His purpose to abandon political life seems clear.*"

From this point of view Mr. Washburn interprets the course of events which led to Mr. Roosevelt's occupancy of the chair

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made vacant by the death of McKinley. "He was called to a place in the Civil Service Commission and as Police Commissioner, neither office offering the slightest hope of political preferment. He became Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and left the office to be a soldier. He was elected Governor without the slightest volition of his own, was forced into the Vice-Presidency, and made President by the act of God. There is lacking in his progress every element that usually makes for political advancement."

This conception of Mr. Roosevelt modestly "gravitating" into office without volition of his own is interesting, and it is perfectly plausible if only one assumes that he is just the kind of man that he himself detests: the man who loves a "soft life," and shuns conflict, and hides his talent in a napkin. Read in another way, but by lights which Mr. Washburn provides, this series of events yields the altogether different meaning that, after three years in the Assembly, his hero discovered a distaste for the circuitous processes of law-making, and saw the proper field for his ambition in an executive career. With all his immense capacity for hard work, he has liked to choose his own task, and has demanded of life the large return of pleasure which he finds in the exercise of power. From three years of circumlocution in Albany, any man whose delight is in "doing things" would turn with relief to the direct action of a deputy sheriff, who can round up cattle thieves, or of a police commissioner, who can promote and cashier, or of an assistant secretary who can urge on and prepare for a war with Spain.

As for Mr. Roosevelt's leaving the navy to organize and lead the Rough Riders, his friends at the time thought he was sacrificing his prospects, but the evidence indicates that he himself regarded this course as the hazardous, steep, short way to glory and popularity. Three days before he was mustered out at Camp Wikoff on his return from the war, he was negotiating with Quigg for the Gubernatorial nomination. Secretary Long said: "How right he was in his *prognosis* and how wrong we were in ours, the result has shown. He took the straight course to fame, to the Governorship, and to the Presidency of the United States." In his homilies to young men Mr. Roosevelt has never, so far as we recollect, taught that all things come to him who waits. He has quite uniformly ascribed his own success to his genius for being on the spot, to hitting hard, and to hitting first. Looking back on his military campaign, he says: "I pulled every wire in sight to get that regiment to Cuba. If we had not, I should never have been President."

These last two sentences of Mr. Roosevelt's tell us more about the "logic" of his career than all the rest of Mr. Washburn's book. If the little work is intended as a Republican peace-offering, it is a singularly left-handed performance. It paints him wholly sincere, modest, consistent, and retiring, heaven save the mark, at the expense of the commanding qualities which even his dearest foes concede him: inexhaustible energy, courage, sagacity, and relentless purposefulness in the pursuit of *la gloire*.

A FORMAL LOGICIAN.

Social Progress and the Darwinian Theory: A Study of Force as a Factor in Human Relations. By George Nasmyth. With an Introduction by Norman Angell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50 net.

English readers are here made acquainted with the Russian sociologist Novikov, and especially with his criticism of "social Darwinism." As a matter of fact, says Dr. Nasmyth, Novikov "did not realize that he had the authority of Darwin upon his side, and includes him in the crushing criticism which he directs against the distorted 'social Darwinism' that has come to represent the social applications of the theory of evolution so largely in modern thought." A considerable part of the volume is devoted to rectifying this conception of "Darwin's theory of social progress"; there are many passages cited, chiefly from "The Descent of Man," relieving Darwin of the imputation of being a "social Darwinian." It is proved to the satisfaction of the author, and, indeed, of the reader, that Darwin is to be aligned with Novikov rather than against him, as opposed to the philosophy of force.

In a sense it is immaterial where Darwin himself stood. He was a good and sagacious man and a great natural scientist; but he did not know the social field and added nothing to his reputation by his excursion into it. After we have passed the part of the "Descent of Man" that has to do with man's somatic characters and mental likeness to the animals, we enter a series of chapters where Darwin had no such accumulations of facts as he was wont elsewhere to rely upon, and where he took recourse to theories and pronouncements of supposed authorities, or was swayed by personal feelings. Here his opinion is scarcely more valuable than that of any other conscientious layman. An appeal to his authority in this field ought to carry scarcely more weight than a similar reference to John Stuart Mill's opinions as to pangenesis. It is interesting to get the right view of Darwin's convictions, but what he thought about social relations, whether or not it jumps with our own conclusions, does not deserve the space given it in this book. In particular the reiteration of the phrase "distorted social Darwinism" is wearisome.

With the thesis that war and force have always represented "error" we cannot find ourselves in entire agreement, though we abhor, with the author, the theories upon which his "Prussianism" rests, and the practices that come out of them. Between Novikov and his expounder there is presented a mass of considerations about the deleterious and unnecessary evils of war and force that are scarcely matched elsewhere. Some of them should be extraordinarily hard for the militarist to answer. It is good to have this volume at hand in these days, for it affords a wholesome set of sturdy counters against the gathering militant sentiment of the period.

It seems clear, however, that the argumentation of the book is not destined to convert any great number of militarists outright; nor even to resolve, once and for all, the doubts of those who are still reserving judgment. Many of the arguments have all the appearance of the models of this and that logical method as labelled and exhibited in the textbooks. The favorite exercise is one issuing in a contradictory. To illustrate: "The philosophy of force affirms that the state could not have been created without the employment of force, and that any one who denies this doctrine is convicted of absolute ignorance of sociology. But force signifies war, and war signifies anarchistic relations. To say that the state could only have been produced by war, is to say that the state could only have been produced by anarchistic relations. In the last analysis, then, this amounts to saying that juridical relations can only be created by anarchistic relations, or, in other words, that a thing can only be created by its contrary. It is difficult to imagine a more complete contradiction." Again: "If it is not morality which produces the happiness of the individual, can it be immorality which produces this happiness? It is impossible to sustain such a paradox, for it amounts to saying that in order to be happy one must be vicious. To affirm that an action is moral which results in evil for its author is to maintain that living beings do not seek pleasure and avoid suffering. This is to affirm that death is life. These suppositions are so contradictory that we are compelled to adopt the conclusion that morality and self-interest are identical."

Presumably these are exemplars of logic in its orthodox form. But who is persuaded by such? The uninstructed man has an uneasy feeling that he is viewing sleight-of-hand, and any one who has pored over formal logic recalls his disillusionments when he has seen other such clever concatenations shredded up by equally clever flaw-picking. It seems to us that the essence of Darwinian evolution is adaptation, and that war is one of the phases of human adaptation, as well as a factor in the process securing it. May it pass, with all its attendant miseries, as our author hopes! But there it has been, in history, like slavery and other phenomena of which we now disapprove. It has been natural and inevitable, and so, to an evolutionist, it must have had some selective value, even if it is now become a maladaptation. Its contribution to what we now are is undeniable. By what agency, for instance, was unruly man to be disciplined and organized, if not under force? In our opinion, this study does not go care-

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fully enough into the facts about early social forms, but dismisses statements by competent authorities, as "anthropological romances," or with some logical turn. We do not have confidence in the exactness of the author's knowledge upon these matters; and in the case of certain others of a minor nature, as well, there are faults of inaccuracy. The book is a good one of its kind, but it is a plea for a cause rather than a thorough scientific study.

ANOTHER HISTORY OF THE WAR.

A History of the Great War, 1914—The Genesis of the War, June, 1914-August, 1915. By Briggs Davenport. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2 net.

As the number of books on this subject increases inevitably there appears a certain similarity or likeness in considerable parts of them. Devoting ourselves in the present case principally to what the writer adds new to the subject, we passed over the first two chapters about the causes of the war, which are not bad, and also two more about the diplomacy preceding the conflict—these latter containing exposition which may seem at first glance partial and one-sided, but which is actually brief and trenchant and substantially correct. In the fifth and the sixth chapters the writer continues on ground already traversed by many, but his description of the "might and cunning" of modern Germany and of the development of militarism, with its resultants, can be read with interest even after Cramb and Bernhardi. The examination of British policy and ideals affords nothing novel. How France Faced the Great War after Forty Years of German Truculence contributes a great deal that is vivid and instructive to a subject which had already begun to receive the attention it deserves. These portions of the book, in so far as they are not marred by excessive partisanship, make respectable and entertaining study of their topics. It is, however, the remaining parts of the work which will challenge attention of readers who have read other books about the war.

Here the character and the ideals of the Austrian Emperor's subjects are well described, and the statement that the question in Central Europe was one concerning Germany along with Hungary, rather than Germany with Austria, is especially interesting. What is said about the Russians is sympathetic and perhaps too favorable, but it indicates the change of view which is coming to so many with respect to the domain of the Czar. Last of all, four chapters contain the author's principal contribution. One of them is devoted to the entrance of Japan into the conflict, with more favorable comment than writers in English are apt to make. There are very long and detailed descriptions of Italy in the Triple Alliance and of the constantly increasing tension with Austria, a judgment of Italian conduct and aspirations, and a full treatment of the diplomatic negotiations which preceded the rupture and new alignment. All this is so well and so ably done that we know of no other version to be compared with it, save that recently published by Allen. At the end there is a lengthy chapter, which curiously is not mentioned in the table of contents, concerning all phases of the Balkan situation, inferior in general information to what Gibbons wrote two years ago, but very useful for the later developments, and in respect of Greece and Rumania quite the best that has come under our notice.

Particularly have we noted the author's explanation why a general war did not arise at the time of the Balkan conflicts; the account of Servia and Austria; the relations of Archduke Franz Ferdinand with the German Kaiser; the character of this latter potentate, and also that of the Kronprinz; the contrasting of Russian with southern Slav; and the early designs of Prussia upon Turkey. There are also a great many less important instances of pertinent information about matters little known or forgotten at the present time. The author's analysis of the later aspects of Balkan diplomacy and of the reasons why the efforts of the Entente met with failure are excellent. He says that this discomfiture came because the Allies failed to comprehend the nation with whom they were dealing:

> They did not even remotely understand the psychology of the Balkan peoples, else this could not have been. Beyond the simple love of country, which may well be likened in those lands to the sheep's love of its native wold, or the ox's affection for his well-turfed pasture, the Balkan peoples had very little sentiment and less idealism. All of them were still, in the large sense, more Oriental than European. And like all the races of the Orient, their imaginations were most susceptible to practical impressions, of which the greatest of all was fear, the respect of force, which with them was the god of fear.

In several places the author uses to obvious advantage information which he says he obtained from public men abroad.

Of defects there are not a few. Judgment is too favorable upon the process of French expansion in North Africa, and too harsh about Germany's action after Algeciras; nor is it proper to approve of the term "blackmail" when alluding to her demanding compensation for Morocco; "Narodna" is not a substantive; by the treaty of San Stefano, Servia was not favored at the expense of Bulgaria; in the war of 1885 the author believes that only the intervention of Austria saved Bulgaria from excessive punishment at the hands of the Serbs; it is not certain that a general formal understanding existed among Great Britain, France, and Russia as early as 1906. There are some places where the instances advanced do not support the conclusions deduced from them, and others where excessive zeal against things Germanic gives to the plea weakness rather than strength.

Notes

J. B. Lippincott Company announces for publication this month "The Bright Eyes of Danger," by John Foster; "Ten Beautiful Years," by Mary Knight Potter, and "Shakespeare and Precious Stones," by George F. Kunz.

The Oxford University Press will issue immediately for the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace "Losses of Life in Modern Wars," by Gaston Bodart.

Henry Holt & Co. announce the forthcoming publication of "The Road Together," by George Middleton, and "Making Happiness Epidemic," by W. V. Backus.

The following volumes will be published by Houghton Mifflin Company on June 15: "A Soldier of 'The Legion,'" by Edward Morlae; "For England," by Fielding Hall; "The Grasp of the Sultan" (anonymous), and "Memorandum of William Rotch Written in the Eightieth Year of His Age."

Scribners have been well advised to bring out in a University edition Prof. Brander Matthews's notable volumes on "Molière" and "Shakspere as a Playwright." The volumes are uniform and each is listed at $2 net.

Owing to the sudden and notable success achieved by Miss Molla Bjurstedt in the tennis tournaments of the country, through which she became the national woman champion, many will turn eagerly to her volume, "Tennis for Women" (Doubleday, Page; $1.25 net). The book is written in the manner made familiar by numerous manuals of sport. The game is analyzed into its various drives, volleys, etc., and each stroke is treated with reference to some special situation. Several photographic illustrations show the champion and certain other prominent women players at crucial moments in the game.

A similar manual, entitled "Lawn Tennis: Lessons for Beginners" (Macmillan; $1.25 net), has been written by J. Parmly Paret, who is a practiced hand at this difficult art of exposition.

If Col. Roosevelt is not delighted by Julian Street's little book, "The Most Interesting American" (Century; 50 cents net), it must be because there is not more of it. When Mr. Street is not burning incense to the Colonel, he is allowing the Colonel to keep up the fragrant cloud for himself, a task which he performs with practiced ease. The account of some of the physical characteristics of the former President, as his exclamation, "Of late I have come almost to the point of *loathing* a bee-*you*-ti-ful, *pol*-ished *dic*-tion!" and the picture of the home at Sagamore Hill are a relief from the hero-worship that makes up most of the volume. An appendix, Roosevelt as a Prophet, assembles quotations from the Colonel's writings to show his early and steady advocacy of Preparedness.

The character of Charles Gardner's "study of William Blake in modern thought" might be conjectured from its title, "Vision and Vesture" (Dutton; $1.25 net). "Modern thought" is mysticism, or what is understood to be mysticism,

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and Blake is the true inheritor of the great doctrine of the past and the herald of a great regeneration to come. Mr. Gardner is well read in the literature of his predilection, and his comments on Blake are often illuminating. In his Preface he calls attention to the fact that Blake's relation to Wesley and Whitefield has been ignored by critics "who hold a merely literary creed," and in bringing forward this kinship of the poet with contemporary religious reformers (not overlooking also the differences between them) he has opened a fruitful source of comparison. But in the main Mr. Gardner suffers from the modern fallacy of identifying license with strength and sentimentalism with insight. What sort of mysticism, indeed, should one expect from a writer who sees nothing incompatible in appealing to the teaching of Christ and then alluding to Arthur Symons and W. B. Yeats as authorities in the spiritual life. Does it never occur to the very modern critics of this school to exercise the boasted modern sense of humor on the thought of what Christ might say of Arthur Symons and W. B. Yeats as Christian prophets? "Blake," says Mr. Gardner approvingly, "saw in His [Christ's] life a persistent disobedience to the law." And he regards as "pearls of wisdom" such aphorisms of Blake's as the much quoted sentence: "The road of excess leads to the palace of Wisdom." There is nothing novel in this identification of lawlessness and excess with mysticism; it is the common view of the growing coterie of Blake enthusiasts; and there is, of course, no intention on the part of Mr. Gardner to uphold ordinary immorality—quite the contrary—but we protest against the impudence of claiming the authority of the great moralists of the past for a propaganda of what, if carried into practice, would mean a complete moral relaxation. Loathing is too strong a word, but revulsion we certainly feel, when we find such a doctrine introduced in the following manner:

> This book was written for the most part before the war. Mindful how the war has affected the outlook of us all, I turned anxiously to its pages to see whether I might not feel obliged to re-write some of the chapters. But I found nothing I wanted to alter.

Mysticism is a dubious path, and has always had its dangers. When reading such books as this of Mr. Gardner's we like to recall the Delphian oracle quoted by Socrates, that the gods are best pleased with a religion which is *νόμῳ πόλεως*, "in accordance with the law, or custom, of the state," and to remember his notion of just men as those "who know what is lawful, or customary, in society," *τοὺς εἰδότας τὰ περὶ ἀνθρώπους νόμιμα*. And we like to recall also that Socrates, in the eyes of so erudite and modern a scholar as Professor Burnet, was a great mystic. It is good thus to be reminded that a man may retain his belief in the virtues of obedience and common sense and yet be spiritually minded.

The Rev. Charles Plummer, chaplain of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, has compiled a book of "Devotions from Ancient and Mediæval Sources," which comes to us from the New York house of Longmans, Green ($1.75 net). The prayers, taken from many Latin sacramentaries, missals, and breviaries, are translated into good English, though occasionally we miss the true devotional unction. They are grouped for use in various seasons and circumstances. As they are professedly confined to Western origins, it is inferred that Mr. Plummer intends to publish a companion volume from the East.

For a young man of thirty, or thereabouts, to sit down to the writing of his reminiscences would seem too solemn a proceeding to be treated seriously, were it not for the circumstances of the time. But the *raison d'être* of his book ("The End of a Chapter," by Shane Leslie; Scribner; $1.25 net) is explained in a brief preface:

> It was while invalided in hospital during the Great War that I began to record notes and souvenirs of the times and institutions under which I had lived, realizing that I had witnessed the suicide of the civilization called Christian and the travail of a new era to which no gods have been as yet rash enough to give their name, and remembering that, with my friends and contemporaries, I shared the fortunes and misfortunes of being born at the end of a chapter in history.

If there is a touch of exaggeration here, that, as well as the trifle of pomposity in expression, may be forgiven to one who has only put into words what many on all sides are feeling, that the world to which men will wake on the morrow of the war will be a different one from that which they have known heretofore.

In the chapters that follow, in point of interest and liveliness of style, at any rate, Mr. Leslie goes far to justify the ambitious promise of his preface. A member of an old Irish family connected with half the aristocracy of Britain, the author has received the traditional education, in his case at Eton and Cambridge, of an English gentleman, has mingled intimately with the ruling classes of England, and has at the same time gained in some degree an extraneous point of view by his conversion to Roman Catholicism and his adoption of the cause of Irish Nationalism. The first chapter, Links with the Past, derives its interest from the fact that the youthful memoirist has drawn upon the reminiscences of his grandfather and grandmother, the former "probably the only living person [he has since died] who has seen Talleyrand and heard the voice of Sir Walter Scott"; the latter the daughter of that "Minnie" Seymour who was the adopted daughter (some have said the real daughter) of Mrs. Fitzherbert. When he writes of Eton and Cambridge the author does not have to depend on vicarious reminiscences. His treatment of the two institutions is sympathetic, though not uncritical, and is enlivened with some good anecdotes. Thus, when the Duke of Albany, while still at Eton, became a German Duke, "his Eton friends performed a mock goose-step in his honor, reducing him to tears." There is a good Cambridge story of Tennyson and Oscar Browning, the venerable fellow of King's. Seeing Tennyson enter the great court of King's, Oscar Browning ran up to him, explaining: "I am Browning!" "No, you are not," replied Tennyson, and walked away. It is when the author writes of contemporary events and politics that one feels that his confidence is in inverse proportion to his years. The unqualified assertion, for instance, that "it was Winston Churchill and Haldane who convinced the Cabinet of the necessity of war in 1914" is interesting as gossip, particularly in view of the absurd prejudice against Lord Haldane current in England, but its accuracy may well be questioned. On the other hand, some of his estimates are acute and probably sound, as those of George V, who "stands an unchanging and homely figure in the strife," and whose qualities are those of "stolid patience and imperturbable phlegm," and of his Prime Minister, Herbert Asquith. We quote a passage in which the personalities of the two are considered:

> With perfect equanimity he [Asquith] faced the World War. When the hearts of others were failing them for wrath or fear, he took his glass of wine and played his rubber of bridge after the day's work. He had the common-sense to know that teetotalism will not vanquish the Hun. He retained mental elasticity and performed his allotted business as usual. He knew perfectly well that he was for the time irreplaceable. There are two public men whom the Great War cannot change much, and who were perhaps born to see England through her trouble—the lineal descendant of "Farmer George," and the favorite disciple of Benjamin Jowett.

"Is War Diminishing?" (Houghton Mifflin; $1 net) is a pertinent question which Frederick Adams Woods and Alexander Baltzley confidently attempt to answer by an appeal to statistics. Taking the eleven principal countries of Europe, they have prepared figures and charts to show what proportion of the time each of the nations was at war between 1450 and 1900. According to their computations, war seems to have been diminishing somewhat. From 1450 to 1650 the average of the countries shows that they were at war considerably more than half the time; from 1650 to 1900 the curve falls from 55 per cent. to 22 per cent. This might seem to give encouragement to pacifists. But for the benefit of advocates of preparedness, the authors hasten to add that "it is the stronger nations which have devoted most of their time to war." It is the weak countries—Turkey, Spain, Holland, Denmark, and Sweden—which were active in warfare when they were politically great, and relatively peaceful when on the decline. In a strong country like England, on the contrary, there has been a gain for pacifism in seven centuries of only ½ of 1 per cent. In the twelfth century England fought 54 per cent., and in the nineteenth century 53.5 per cent. of the time—an argument in favor of preparedness which is eagerly expounded by Henry A. Wise Wood. But the trouble with this kind of "historiometry" is that phenomena are compared which are scarcely comparable, because of their difference in character and magnitude. An intermittent conflict in an outlying corner of the Pacific between English settlers and Maoris (1863-69) has six times as much the weight in the statistics as the Franco-Prussian War. Louis Napoleon's *opéra-bouffe* performances at Strasbourg and Boulogne count for twice as much as his uncle's somewhat more considerable efforts at Waterloo. England in the second half of the nineteenth century appears to be nearly seven times as warlike as Prussia, for their percentages are 27.5 and 4, respectively. One is reminded of the classification: lies, damned lies, handwriting experts, and statistics.

An admirable phase of civic activity in England, which we are glad to note has not been interrupted by the war, is represented by Volume VI, just issued, of the London County Council's "Survey of London" (published by the L. C. C., Spring Gardens, London, under the general editorship of James Bird and Philip Norman). The present volume deals with The Parish of Hammersmith. A short preface gives an admirable résumé

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of the history of the parish and the sources to be consulted. Thereafter half of the volume is devoted to detailed descriptions of historic landmarks, streets, houses, churches, references to and quotations from sources being plentifully supplied; the other half consists of 121 full-page plates, photographs, ground plans, and details of the various edifices considered. In addition there are numerous illustrations through the text, and a loose map of the parish in a pocket on the inside back cover. The absence of an index is compensated for by a very full table of contents. As reference works for students of history this and its companion volumes must prove of the utmost value, while the extremely handsome typography of the volume, with its flexible cover and stout binding, which yet allows the book to open flat, will recommend it to the amateur of books.

The latest addition to the True Stories of Great Americans series is Lovell Coombs's "Ulysses S. Grant" (Macmillan; 50 cents). The author, whose style will appeal to young readers, has succeeded in including in his narrative a considerable wealth of incident, without neglecting episodes that are important rather than vivid. The chapters on Grant's part in the Civil War are especially clear.

"The American City," by Henry C. Wright (McClurg; 50 cents net), is for reading rather than reference. It professes to give "a bird's-eye view of the city." While it does not neglect detail—it has something to say about half a dozen cities in its chapter on Government, besides its general presentation of the topic—it is, in the main, general. One who sees only the trees in Professor Zueblin's recent work sees the forest in Mr. Wright's. Graham R. Taylor's "Satellite Cities" (Appleton; $1.50 net), treats of the special type of development represented by Pullman, Gary, and the like. His chapters, which appeared originally in the *Survey*, are an illuminating blend of history and comment. Their special interest lies in their depiction of a recent growth, at once picturesque and vital, of which we have had only glimpses in the newspapers and magazines hitherto.

The appearance in this country of "Birds and Man" (Alfred A. Knopf; $2.25), by the English naturalist, W. H. Hudson, will be welcomed by those readers who have found "Green Mansions" a work of decided originality and charm. This nature book, an earlier work, and long out of print, as its title indicates, has wider scope than a record of the author's observations of the songs and ways of the birds of his acquaintance. He quotes Sir Edward Grey as saying that the love and appreciation and study of birds was something fresher and brighter than the conventional amusements in which so many in this day try to live; the pleasure of seeing and listening to them was purer and more lasting than any pleasures of excitement, and, in the long run, "happier than personal success." With Mr. Hudson, as with our own John Burroughs, the appreciation of birds includes an enjoyment of the nature with which they are so beautifully associated, and of their reaction upon the finer sensibilities of man. To understand birds one must know as well their surroundings—trees, plants, flowers, insects, streams, and skies. But one needs not any extensive knowledge of birds to enjoy these discursive chapters, with their wide range of topics that continually occur to a mind enriched by a kindly and generous study of nature and man. Mr. Hudson is no mere rhapsodist over the nightingale and skylark; like Whitman, he devotes some of his most charming pages to such unpoetic birds as the daw, the raven, owls, and geese. We do not remember that any other writer has found the music in what the unobserving have been pleased to call "the hootings of the owl." Says our author: "The symbols *hoo hoo* and *to-whit to-who*, as Shakespeare wrote it, stand for the wood owl's note in books; but you cannot spell the sound of an oaten-straw nor of the owl's pipe. It suggests some wind instrument that resembles the human voice, but a very un-English one, perhaps the high-pitched, somewhat nasal voice of an Arab intoning the prayer to Allah." In such entertaining chapters as Daws in the West-Country, especially "The Ecclesiastical Daw," Ravens in Somerset, Geese—an Appreciation and a Memory, one derives a patient and sympathetic study of the ways of those, to most of us, bourgeois birds, against a background of delightful English towns and landscapes, painted with the breadth and skill of the true artist.

Prof. Albert S. Cook's monograph in the Transactions of the Connecticut Academy of Arts and Sciences (Yale University Press) for February, 1916, entitled "The Historical Background of Chaucer's Knight," brings together in convenient form all discoverable data that illustrate the subject. It is the author's conclusion that Chaucer's Knight is in the main a composite picture, respectively, of two Earls of Derby, viz.: John of Gaunt's father-in-law and son, who subsequently became King Henry IV. Hence his double series of exploits, in Prussia and Russia, on the one hand, and in countries that border the Mediterranean on the other; for the older Earl of Derby, like Chaucer's immortal Knight, had participated in the siege (1342-1344) of Algeciras, and his grandson had made a campaign in Prussia and Lithuania with the Knights of the Teutonic Order in 1390-1391. The combination was not likely to have been made at random, and Professor Cook's explanation is a very plausible one. As regards the traits of the Knight's character, however, these belong simply to the general ideal of knighthood in the Middle Ages, and there is nothing distinctive to connect them definitely with either of the two noblemen cited. Indeed, the description bears a suspiciously close resemblance to a poem of Watriquet de Couvin's, which Professor Cook does not mention.

In accordance with this conception of the origin of Chaucer's description of his Knight, the present monograph falls into two divisions, the first dealing with the future Henry IV—his experiences (and those of other Englishmen, also) in his Prussian campaign and his various relations with Chaucer, direct and indirect—the second with the exploits of Chaucer's Knight in the South, which may well have been suggested by the career of the older Earl of Derby. In both divisions very interesting extracts from contemporary chronicles in regard to the above-mentioned expeditions are given, besides notes of value on all the persons and places concerned. Some of the conjectures, however, which Professor Cook adopts rest on a very frail basis of evidence, as when he assumes that Chaucer accompanied Lionel, Duke of Clarence, to Ireland, and later (1368) to Milan, or, again, when he supposes that the portrait of Emetreus in "The Knight's Tale" was drawn from the younger Earl of Derby (afterwards Henry IV). There is more force in his argument that the Prologue to the "Canterbury Tales," or, at least, the description of the Knight, was not written until the return of the future King Henry IV to England in the summer of 1393. It does seem most likely that Chaucer got his information about the tables of honor of the Teutonic Order from Henry or from some one in his train. Nevertheless, one cannot affirm this with certainty, and, on the whole, the allusion in the description of the Merchant to Middelburgh, where the wool-staple was fixed only between 1384 and 1388, appears to us to turn the balance in favor of the earlier date—at any rate, for the greater part of the Prologue.

There is nothing very novel in "Shakespeare and the Italian Renaissance" (Oxford University Press), the annual Shakespeare lecture delivered by Sir Sidney Lee last year before the British Academy. In its three successive divisions, however, it gives a clear and sound survey of the development of the Renaissance in Italy, of the extension of the movement to England, and of Shakespeare's especial debt to Italian thought and literature. Plato was the great fountain-head of the fundamental ideas of the Renaissance, and Lee is right, therefore, in giving the central place in this survey to the Platonism of the period. So far as Shakespeare is concerned, it is in the Sonnets that this influence of the Platonic philosophy in its Italian form is most manifest. Not only, however, do we find embodied in the Sonnets ideas derived from this source—especially Plato's conception of the ideality of beauty—but, as Lee observes, Shakespeare makes these ideas the basis of still further metaphysical theorizing, and ascends to Keats's mystical creed that beauty and truth are identical. The author takes into account also, of course, Shakespeare's indebtedness to the Italian *novelle*, his relations to Italian art, and above all, the spell which the general life and civilization of Italy cast over him, as appears from such plays as "Romeo and Juliet" and "The Merchant of Venice." Current political events have evidently added something to the natural fervor with which Lee discourses on these topics. It is, perhaps, not hypercritical to remark that it is somewhat misleading when he (like many other writers) says that the Platonic worship of beauty "soon had its apostle in the papal curia itself," in Cardinal Bembo, whom he elsewhere calls "the Cardinal of the Renaissance." As a matter of fact, Bembo's apostleship of beauty long antedated his entrance into the Sacred College. He was sixty-nine years old, and his career was virtually ended when he became at the same time both priest and Cardinal.

Charles M. Atkinson has edited, and the Oxford University Press has published in two handy volumes (4s. 6d. net), Bentham's "Theory of Legislation," of which a new and improved edition has long been needed. The title, as students of Bentham, but not many others, we fear, will recall, was not of Bentham's phrasing, nor was it given to any publication for which he was directly responsi-

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ble; but came into use, long after Bentham's death, as the title of an English translation of a French work by Etienne Dumont, embracing a number of Bentham's writings. Mr. Atkinson has translated the text anew, added a few notes on modern usage, and prepared a useful index.

Emile Faguet, member of the French Academy, and one of France's most brilliant writers, particularly on social and political topics, died in Paris on June 7. He was born at La Roche-sur-Yon, Vendée, on February 18, 1847, and was educated at the Lyceums of Poitiers and Charlemagne, and later at the Normal School in Paris. Upon his graduation from the last he held professorships in schools at La Rochelle and at Bordeaux. While in the provinces Faguet began to write upon the problems of society and politics, and his work soon attracted attention in Paris. Going finally to that city, he became editor, in turn, of the *Journal des Débats,* the *Gaulois,* the *Annales Politiques et Littéraires,* the *Revue,* and a contributor to the leading magazines. M. Faguet was a Knight of the Legion of Honor and became professor of poetry at the University of Paris in 1897. Among his publications may be mentioned works on the sixteenth, seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries; "Literary Studies," "Politicians and Moralists of the Nineteenth Century," "Socialism in 1907," and "The Cult of Incompetence."

Drama

IRISH WORKING CLASSES.

Four Irish Plays. By St. John G. Ervine. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1 net.

Of the four plays in this volume, three are immature and inconsiderable, but the first, "Mixed Marriage," is a remarkable work, which, with his "John Ferguson," establishes the author in the front rank of the realistic dramatists of the Irish Theatre. As a veracious study of life and character among the Irish working classes—there is no question here of romance, wit, or imagination, though it is by no means deficient in those qualities—it is superior to anything written by Synge, Yeats, or Shaw. Dramatically, it is exceedingly well-made, the action unfolding itself naturally, from the opening to climax and catastrophe, with a minimum of explanatory narrative, while the dialogue is excellent, in the purely literary sense, being terse, humorous, forcible, and eminently appropriate. The personages, vividly differentiated, are, one and all, vital.

It is a tragic tale in which the difficult and delicate topic of religious bigotry and its evil influences in social, industrial, and national affairs, is treated boldly, dexterously, and, on the whole, with philosophic impartiality. The trace of bias in it is too slight to give offence to any but the narrowest zealot, while the fundamental truth of the main argument, universal in its applicability, but of especially pregnant significance in Ireland, is notorious and indisputable. The theme, briefly, is that ignorant and unreasoning fanaticism, working in Protestant and Catholic alike, is responsible for a large share of the private and public troubles with which the country has been, and is, afflicted. It is illustrated, with logical ingenuity and rare dramatic intuition, by the experience of a workingman's family in Belfast. John Rainey, born of Protestant parents, is a sturdy Orangeman, decent, intelligent, and fairly liberal in everything but religion, in which he is obstinately narrow and yellow. His wife is Protestant also, but broadly tolerant. She holds that religion is a matter of conscience, and that those who worship the same Creator, to an identical end, should live in amity, agreeing to differ, without fighting over ecclesiastical dogmas—"killing each other for the love of God." She believes that sincere Catholics and Protestants have equal chances of ultimate salvation. Michael O'Hara, an ardent Catholic, is of her opinion. He is a patriot, politician, and labor leader, who sees clearly that trade unionists, in their perpetual struggle with capitalists, are infinitely weakened by the religious antagonisms which prevent them from presenting a common front. His one ambition is to get Irishmen to ignore their religious differences, and work in unity for the advancement of their country and themselves. When a strike is declared by Catholic leaders, Rainey, as a Protestant, is inclined to oppose it, until O'Hara, by astute flattery, induces him to declare himself an opponent of bigotry and persuade his Orange friends to make common cause with the Catholics in the interest of labor. Unfortunately, he discovers that his son, Hugh, is engaged to marry Nora Murray, a Catholic girl, and all the smouldering bigotry in him blazes into flame. When the young people refuse to renounce each other he refuses to have anything more to do with either of them, turning a deaf ear to the logical argument of his liberal-minded wife that the mixed marriage he abhors is in exact line with the policy of general conciliation which he was ready to adopt in order to win a strike. Obdurately headstrong, he rushes out to deliver an inflammatory harangue to the Orangemen, thus starting a riot which has to be suppressed by the military. Meanwhile, Nora Murray, distracted by the notion that she is responsible for the bloodshed, makes a desperate effort to stop the shooting, and is herself killed.

This is the bare skeleton of a story which is developed with much technical skill and filled in with a great variety of intensely human detail. The piece, in its realism, earnest purpose, and dramatic force, is worthy of John Galsworthy, and has the additional merit of being almost entirely free from anything like special pleading. Never prolix, or oratorical, the compact and homely dialogue is full of shrewd observation and sage comments, pertinent to the contributory causes of a cruel private and public tragedy. Few more life-like studies than those of the domineering, shallow, obstinate, but entirely conscientious Rainey, or his patient, clear-headed, warm-hearted wife, are to be met with in modern stage fiction. In both there is a strong infusion of the true Celtic humor. Nora Murray is a charming sketch of the impulsive Irish girl, and her love scenes with Hugh Rainey impart a pleasant glow of romance to a somewhat drab story. O'Hara, perhaps, is a trifle idealized. At all events, he is not so convincingly true as the others. But the play, as a whole, is as able as it is significant, one well worthy of the boards of a National Theatre.

"The Magnanimous Lover" is probably a juvenile work, not without signs of budding talent, but full of crude exaggeration. This remark applies also to "The Critics," a cleverish but wholly unwise ebullition of wrath levelled at certain uncomplimentary—and possibly incompetent—reviewers. The author will not be thankful hereafter for its publication. "The Orangeman," in which somewhat bitter fun is made of bigotry of the Protestant order, exhibits some, but not much, of the ability displayed in "Mixed Marriage." It is little more than a skit.

J. Ranken Towse.

THE WASHINGTON SQUARE PLAYERS.

The Washington Square Players signalized their removal to the Comedy Theatre by a revival of four of their most successful one-act plays—"The Honorable Lover," "Pierre Patelin," "The Clod," and "Helena's Husband." With the possible exception of "The Clod," which attempts with the utmost realism to describe a distressing episode among the poor whites during the Civil War, the pieces are trifles. Each of these three is brightly written, and together they make a diverting entertainment. We are especially pleased that the Washington Square Players have given to "Pierre Patelin"—a rollicking French farce of the fifteenth century—the attention which it deserves; nor have we ever seen a better impersonation of the central figure than that of Roland Young. The acting of Frank Conroy in both "The Honorable Lover" and "Helena's Husband" was also well above the average, while Mary Morris's portrayal of a drudge in "The Clod" showed much talent.

F.

Art

"Impressions of the Art at the Panama-Pacific Exposition," by Christian Brinton (John Lane; $3), is an album of small quarto size, attractively bound in brown cartridge boards with buckram back. The text originally served as articles in the *International Studio,* and is written with the adroitness and vivacity which one expects of Dr. Brinton. The subject does not lend itself to profounder generalizations, and the author virtually limits himself to the safe thesis that the pictures were only moderately well chosen and indifferently hung, and to the less safe thesis that we should be very tender to all the new -isms. This is Dr. Brinton's personal contribution to the work, since the con-

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tentious -isms were not actually "exposed" at San Francisco. The numerous handsome plates bear out the view that keen and novel impressions of art were exceptional. The only newcomer who greatly allures is Jorge Bermudez, from the Argentine Republic. As for the new movements, we are plainly in for something of the sort, if Dr. Brinton is right in assuming the complete and final divorce of art from the general life. The spectacle of untrammelled idiosyncrasy moving eternally in a vacuum is so appalling that we, ostrich-like, decline to envisage it. It apparently cheers Dr. Brinton, who approaches the whole matter with a commendable willingness to be amusing and to be amused.

As a permanent memorial of the art exhibition at San Francisco, Paul Elder & Company have issued two handsome volumes, with brown cartridge boards and vellum backs, embodying, with brief introductory essays to each department, the complete official catalogue and some one hundred and fifty photogravures. For its elegant and sensible format the "Catalogue de Luxe of the Department of Fine Arts, Panama-Pacific International Exposition," deserves high praise. By a splitting of the work into two volumes neither is excessively bulky, and by the use of a generous quarto form the books can stand on ordinary shelves. In these regards it is a considerable advance over the unmanageable albums which generally follow international expositions. The catalogue is produced under the supervision of John E. D. Trask, Director of Fine Arts. Most of the text is by J. Nilsen Lauvik with a number of associates. In the choice of reproductions preference is given to American work, and this corresponds both to the state of things in the exhibition and doubtless to the memories and preferences of the visitors who are the natural public for these beautifully made volumes.

"Chinese Art Motives Interpreted," by Winifred Reed Tredwell (Putnam; $1.75 net), is a rather slight and casual compilation of the chief subjects which appear on Chinese porcelains and textiles. It will meet the needs of those who want bare elements, but even for these it is marred by the forced flippancy of the style. There are twenty-three well-chosen illustrations.

In "A Painter of Dreams, and other Biographical Essays" (John Lane; $3.50 net), A. M. W. Stirling gathers together seven essays bearing for the most part on the Bosville family. We have a commonplace book kept in the eighteenth century by Diana Bosville, an account of the radical aristocrat, Col. "Billy" Bosville, the friend of William Cobbett, Thomas Paine, and Horne Tooke. Under the caption "A Dupe of Destiny," Elizabeth Patterson Bonaparte, the forsaken wife of Jerome Bonaparte, makes her tragic appearance. The portraiture is delicately effected, and without overstressing the irony that the subject might suggest. Quite idyllic, by way of contrast, is the story of the three Caton sisters, who left Baltimore to take London by storm, in the days of the Regent. John Frederick Herring, coachman turned animal painter, is sympathetically treated. He serves more or less as a foil for "The Painter of Dreams," Rodman Spencer Stanhope, the pre-Raphaelite. The writer has an enticing way in the right selection of material and in the ability to divagate agreeably. Readers of "Coke of Norfolk and his Friends" will know the manner. It recurs effectively in the new book. Such essays go far to reconstruct a past grown shadowy, and evoke the men and women who gave to those days their warmth and color.

"The Philosophy of Painting," by Ralcy Husted Bell (Putnam; $1.25 net), consists of a theoretical and an historical part. The general discussion of the æsthetics of painting is, though unsystematic, frequently vivid and suggestive. The vexed matter of imitation could hardly be hit off better than in the following:

> Mere resemblance is not regarded as art, or, at least, when it is so regarded it is classified under the most prosaic and monotonous forms of art. The paradoxical aspect of the matter is that intensified resemblance—the very essence of resemblance—is the most vital element in the higher and more poetic forms of painting.

After what would make a capital brochure on general considerations, it is disappointing to plunge into an outline history of the world's art which is by no means distinguished above its fellows. It is not the first time that a good essay has become by accretion a mediocre book.

Finance

THE FALL IN BANK RESERVES.

The rise last week in Wall Street's call money market to 4 per cent. (the highest rate since December, 1914), and the preceding fall in the New York surplus bank reserve, to a figure $100,000,000 less than in the middle of February, have again started the question, where the reserve has gone. For, quite aside from such items of "lawful reserve" as credits with the Federal Reserve Bank and with other banking depositories, the actual cash in New York bank vaults has decreased, since the year's high level was reached on January 22, no less than $122,000,000. Where was the money sent?

Three main explanations are in the field. The first is the National Treasury's operations. Of cash available for bank reserves, that institution held on the 1st of June $20,000,000 more than on February 1; of gold, it held more by $34,000,000. This was not because of a heavy surplus revenue—excess receipts for the period were only $6,400,000—but chiefly because of $14,500,000 lawful money deposited by national banks for redemption of their old circulation. Much of this came from New York institutions.

The second explanation lies in the shifting of cash to the Federal Reserve banks. On May 16, the proportion of their cash reserve which member banks must keep with those central institutions became by law one-twelfth to one-fifteenth greater than before. Largely because of this transfer, the actual cash in the hands of Federal Reserve banks outside of New York city on June 1 was $23,000,000 larger than on February 1. The payments for this purpose, by interior banks, would naturally be arranged by drawing on their New York bank depositories; hence this market would bear the full brunt of the loss.

The third explanation has to do with the financial and business activity throughout the country, which reached high level during the period in question. Such a movement always calls for greatly increased supplies of cash for use in pay-rolls and hand-to-hand circulation, and for enlargement of interior bank reserves to support their expanded loans. On such occasions, interior institutions always draw cash from New York. We shall be better able to judge the full scope of this influence when the Government publishes its full compilation of last month's reports of the country's national banks to the Controller.

The fact that during February, March, and April export of gold from the United States is known to have exceeded imports has occasionally raised the question whether all this may not reflect a decrease in the country's money circulation. That is easily determined. Against the total net loss of $14,000,000 gold on export, during those three months, stands the $8,200,000 average monthly production of new gold in the United States. But that is not the only test.

From the high mark of money circulating in the United States outside the Treasury, reported at Washington on February 1, the total declined $23,400,000 up to the first of May. Out of that total loss, $9,500,000 was in gold, $23,100,000 in notes of the Federal Reserve banks, and $4,600,000 in national banknotes; circulation of other forms of money increasing. But Federal Reserve and national banknotes do not count in New York bank reserves. Moreover, by the Government's estimate for June 1, as given out last week, total money circulation outside the Treasury increased $13,300,000 in May, and is now barely $10,000,000, under the maximum.

This is not all; for the cause of last month's increase was addition of $14,800,000 to the gold supply outside the Treasury—which now, at $1,941,500,000, stands at the highest sum on record. And the same is true of the total stock of gold, in and out of the Treasury, which on June 1 exceeded by $3,000,000 the previous best record. If the total money in such outside circulation still holds below the high level of the year, it is because the gain in gold last month was offset by $500,000 further decrease in Federal Reserve notes, and by $5,800,000 reduction in national-bank circulation.

But that decrease has no bearing on bank reserves; there is therefore to-day more actual bank-reserve money in the country—wholly exclusive of Federal Reserve credits which would be thus reckoned—than at any previous time. The main explanation, therefore, of the decrease in New York bank reserves is that this city's cash holdings, long admitted to be superfluous in amount, have been largely distributed in the automatic drift of finance and trade, to the reserves of banks outside of New York city.

What should this mean to the money market? The question cannot yet be answered very confidently. For one thing, the New

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York surplus reserve is still above the normal excess for this time of year. In the ten years prior to the war, it was never as high at a corresponding date as the figure of June 3, and money rates seldom rose sharply, even in those days, until autumn. If they should rise much above last week's level, they would begin to approach the level at which it would be profitable for banks to rediscount their commercial paper with the Federal Reserve banks, and thereby add to their reserve as provided by the Act of 1913. Beyond even this consideration, we have yet to see how much more gold will be sent to us from England's fund in Canada.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Brown, A. The Prisoner. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Lefevre, E. The Plunderers. Harper. $1.25 net.
The Grasp of the Sultan. Anonymous. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Williamson, C. N. and A. M. The Lightning Conductor Discovers America. Doubleday, Page. $1.50 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Prophet in His Own Country. Being the letters of Stuart. Edited by A. Crowley. Privately printed.
Archer, W. Knowledge and Character: The Straight Road in Education. London: Allen & Unwin.
Farmer, L. C. A-B-C of Home Saving. Harper. 35 cents.
Fisher, D. C. Self-Reliance. Bobbs-Merrill. $1 net.
Fuller, J. K. The Psychology and Physiology of Mirror-Writing. Berkeley, Cal.: University of California Press.
Gillette, J. M. Sociology. McClurg. 50 cents net.
Goodspeed, T. W. A History of the University of Chicago. 1891-1916. University of Chicago Press. $2 net.
Hauser, H. Méthodes Allemandes d'Expansion Economique. Paris, France: Librairie Armand Colin.
Hawkes, E. W., and Linton, R. A Pre-Lenape Site in New Jersey. Philadelphia: University Museum.
Held, P. E. Christianopolis. Edited by J. Goebel. Oxford Univ. Press. $1.25.
Morse, E. S. Frederick Ward Putnam: An Appreciation. Salem, Mass.: Essex Institute.
Ohlinger, G. Their True Faith and Allegiance. Macmillan. 50 cents net.
O'Shaughnessy, E. A Diplomat's Wife in Mexico. Harper. $2 net.
Paret, J. P. Lawn Tennis Lessons for Beginners. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Margoliouth, D. S. On Mahdis and Mahdism. Oxford University Press.
The Coptic Psalter in the Freer Collection. Edited by W. H. Worrell. Macmillan. $2 net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Root, E. Addresses on International Subjects. Collected and edited by R. Bacon and J. B. Scott. Cambridge: Harvard University Press.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Bose, S. Some Aspects of British Rule in India. Iowa City: Univ. of Iowa.
Brearley, H. C. Fifty Years of a Civilizing Force. Stokes. $2.50 net.
Clark, M. Maurice Maeterlinck. Stokes. $2.50 net.
Fiftieth Anniversary of the Opening of Vassar College. 1915. Poughkeepsie, N. Y.: Vassar College.
Hall, H. F. For England. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.
Halt! Who's There? Anonymous. Putnam. 75 cents net.
Léry, J. La Bataille dans La Forêt (Argonne, 1915). Paris, France: Librairie Hachette et Cie.
Merry, W. M. Two Months in Russia. Oxford: B. H. Blackwell. 2s. 6d. net.
Morlae, E. A Soldier of the Legion. Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.
Patterson, J. H. With the Zionists in Gallipoli. Doran. $2 net.
Singh, St. N. The King's Indian Allies. London: Sampson, Low, Marston & Co. 7s. 6d. net.

SCIENCE.

Allied Cookery. Arranged by G. C. Harrison and G. Clergue. Putnam.
Chamberlain, R. C. The Origin of the Earth. University of Chicago Press. $1.50 net.
Conklin, E. G. Heredity and Environment. Revised edition. Princeton University Press. $2 net.
Explorations and Field Work of the Smithsonian Institution in 1915. City of Washington: Smithsonian Institution.

ART.

Emmanuel, M. The Antique Greek Dance. Lane. $3 net.
Rotch, W. Memorandum. Houghton Mifflin. $3.50 net.
The Studio Year Book of Decorative Art. Lane. $3.

TEXTBOOKS.

Boswell, J. A Selection from the Life of Samuel Johnson. Edited by M. J. Herzberg. Heath.
Goldwasser, I. E., and Jablonower, J. Yiddish-English Lessons. Heath.

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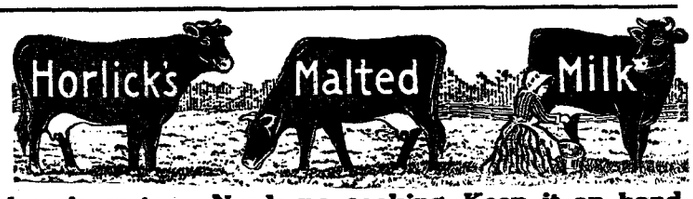

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